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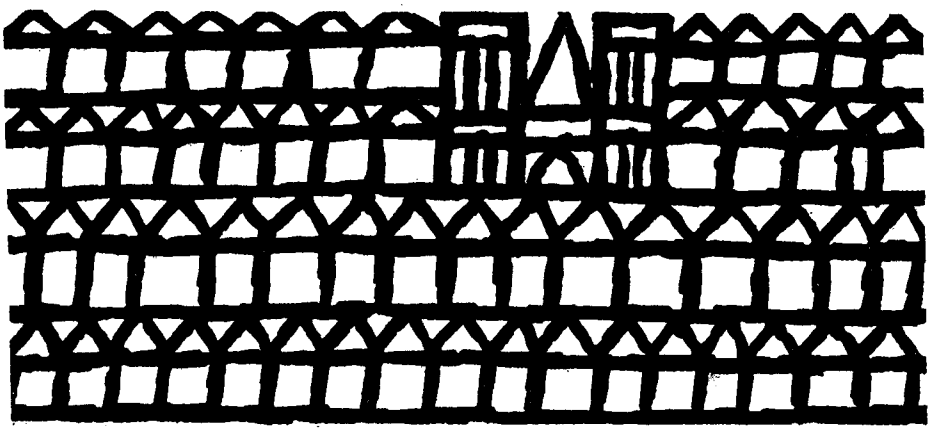

THE SOCIOLOGY OF ECUMENISM

Michael D. Zeik

LABOR AND POLITICS

Sidney Lens

TEXAS SOJOURN

William V. Shannon

WAUGH THE ARTIST

Thomas F. Staley

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Elizabeth M. Graves

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Catholic right-wingers in California, attempting to discredit the grape-pickers' efforts to unionize, have decided that God intervened with a miracle on April 17 to show that He is on their side. A newspaper ad placed by "Catholic Citizens of Delano" announced: "Yes a miracle happened here that Sunday! (during a Mass and rally by the strikers). In many years Delano has not experienced such dirt and wind as was witnessed from 3:30 to 5:30 that afternoon. Yes, God threw dirt in their faces! The good priest, Father Joseph Bishop from Sacramento said to Cesar (Chavez), 'You tricked me, I can't say Mass here.' When he agreed to say a prayer for both sides, the wind and dirt suddenly stopped. And the multitudes bear witness to this miracle."

•

NCWC, the bishops' news service, has been trying harder lately, but it still has its customary difficulty in giving a straight report of a controversial issue. On April 30 the Middle States Association (accrediting agency) issued severe criticism and a warning to St. John's University for "grievous errors" and "reprehensible" action in firing a bloc of teachers last December. It said it "would not hesitate to revoke the accreditation" of St. John's at a future date, but had decided not to do so now because "one cannot know" in the present confusion whether the university is still worthy of being accredited.

NCWC pruned away all the negative comments and featured the Middle States report as "a major boost" to St. John's.

•

"Granted, of course—and I am not contesting it—that the layman owes obedience to the hierarchy and to all those who by virtue of their office are charged with the task of government and proclamation in the Church; but that is only *one* side of the clergy—laity relationship. For *the hierarchy, the clergy, must also obey the layman.* If this latter remark causes some astonishment, that is because we have taken a too exclusive view—especially since the Counter-Reformation—of what 'obeying' or 'obedience' means, understanding it as 'a subjection of the will' (that is to say, obedience to, or compliance with, a closed, conformist outlook and line of conduct). But the word and the idea of 'obedience' come from the Latin: *obedire = ob-audire.* The basic meaning, in other words, is 'hearing,' in the sense of 'listening to' and 'being open to' something or somebody. It expresses an open and receptive state of readiness to understand, and to respond to the demands or challenge of, the other party. And that is what I mean when I say that the hierarchy must obey the layman."

—Robert Adolfs, a Dutch monk, in his book *De Kerk is anders (The Church Is Different).*

•

The *Economist* reports that the transportation of oil overland from South Africa to Rhodesia had previously been carried out by "subsidiaries of British oil companies and one French company. . . . But this is no longer the case. The British companies seem to have fallen out of it now and been replaced by the American company Caltex."

•

Since Schenley has recognized the right of the grape-pickers to organize, you can safely resume consumption of Dubonnet and other Schenley products. The boycott is now focused on the DiGiorgio corporation (net 1965 sales of $232 million) which is still trying to break the strike. DiGiorgio products include White Rose, the S & W line, Tree-Sweet and Indian River fruit.

•

The Canadian press has discovered the celibacy issue. The Toronto *Star* reports that at least forty Canadian priests and brothers have left the Redemptorists, Franciscans, Augustinians and Jesuits in recent months, most of them to get married. Three merely left to become diocesan priests, and one other said the celibacy question was not the issue, but rather the "childish obedience" his order expected.

•

New look in Spain: "The only thing to fear about the Council is the paltry fear some people have of it. It may, perhaps, have given rise to uncertainties or cast a few shadows on a number of particular situations or nostalgic and traditional ways of thinking; but this is hardly to be avoided when anything vigorous embodies itself in history—and what a vigorous embodiment the Council was!"

Antonio Garrigues
Spanish Ambassador to the Vatican

•

Bantam has just brought out John Hersey's novel *White Lotus* in paperback. To test consumer reaction, 30 percent were printed with a white cover (emphasizing literary value and good taste) and 70 percent, though appearing with identical artwork and lettering, in a blood-red cover, allegedly emphasizing "the exotic plot of the colorful adventures, indiscretions and strivings of its young heroine," all of which means that the red edition looks like an ordinary skin book. The manacled heroine manages to look ethereal in white and quite different in red. Full reports on comparative sales are not yet in, but where the red and white copies are displayed side by side, readers tend to browse through the red, and then buy the white.

•

Reform-begins-at-home Dept.: Some nuns in Rome have cunningly devised movable altars that can be pulled away from their moorings to allow Mass facing the people, and then quickly put back against the wall so inspectors from the Curia won't know about it. Cardinal Traglia, vicar general of Rome, has issued a decree forbidding any changes in position of the altar. Any change requires explicit permission from the Cardinal, and in fact it is not granted.

JOHN LEO

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CORRESPONDENCE

"The Bishops and Vietnam"

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: I noticed in your issue of April 15 your most interesting editorial entitled "The Bishops and Vietnam." I am writing simply to confirm the experience which you had with the hierarchy in the United States.

In our case, I mailed to all the diocesan bishops a copy of the National Council of Churches policy statement on Vietnam. This mailing went out in early January, together with a letter asking for their comments. As a Catholic myself, I felt that the Church in the United States had an obligation to speak out, that the National Council statement was well conceived, one with which the bishops, in the main, might well agree, and that it would be meaningful to test and to publish the extent of their agreement or lack of it.

Our experience was identical with yours; out of nearly 130 requests, we received exactly one reply. I am sorry to say that I think the meaning of this is that there is regrettably a lack of leadership on the part of the Catholic Church in America on an issue on which the statements of Pope Paul and his predecessor are gloriously clear (see "Anathema Upon War," *The Nation*, April 11).

JAMES J. STORROW JR.
Publisher,
The Nation

Padre Torres

Granada, Spain

To the Editors: One slight objection to Alexander W. Wilde's otherwise excellent article on the death of Padre Camilo Torres (March 18): Mr. Wilde's use of the term "oligarchy" is, I believe, misleading. Noting Torres' attack on the oligarchy, Mr. Wilde goes on to describe this select group in terms of wealth and land holdings. It is this group that is opposed to any basic social and economic reform.

I have no doubt that the Latin aristoc-

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DISSENT IN WARTIME

One of the endearing aspects of John F. Kennedy's 1960 primary campaign in the Midwest was his speeches before university audiences. On these occasions he spoke of the relationship between knowledge and power, of Aristotle's concept of politics as a noble science worthy of man's highest faculties, of public service as an exemplary career. It was all very abstract and non-political at a time when political activism on campuses was just beginning and many students were hungry for more partisan fare. As it turned out, many of the partisan issues of that spring and fall, the missile gap, for instance, though certainly not civil rights, evaporated rather more quickly than anybody could decently hope.

It is, instead, the impact of President Kennedy's most abstract ideas that still remains, particularly those that brought the scholars to Washington. The impact, it appears, remains to haunt President Johnson in the form of a highly politicized intellectual community, whose criticism of our involvement in Vietnam has been as consistent and searching and responsible as can be reasonably hoped for in a democracy. That the President has felt called upon to defend himself against this criticism is equally appropriate; it is a development we have long hoped to see on the American political scene. What has been less heartening, however, is the tack of the President's replies, with their tendency to the *ad hominem* argument and a barely veiled contempt for the critical function.

President Johnson took the occasion of his May 11 address at Princeton University to deliver his criticism of the academic critics. Among the scholarly faults he detected were "purist approaches to a highly impure problem," "criticism" in the place of "diplomacy," "dogmatism," irrelevant "expertise," "strident emotionalism . . . disguised in the language of wisdom." His advice to intellectuals who would advise Washington was to "cool it," which he amended in the next sentence to mean bringing "not heat but light" to public affairs. In an apparent reference to Senator Fulbright's recent remark about the arrogance of power, the President said, "The exercise of

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power in this century has meant for all of us in the United States not arrogance but agony."

No doubt the faults listed by the President are present in the criticism he is receiving; they are the ingredients of any large-scale debate, especially one dealing with issues of war and peace. Nor are they often limited to one side of the debate, and the present instance is hardly an exception. But what has been missing, in the President's Princeton speech and in most of the government's statements, are direct replies to the substantive criticisms of our handling of the war. These have revolved around our political goals and interests in Southeast Asia as they relate to Vietnam, the increased dependence on military solutions as the political situation in Saigon degenerates, the terrifying ordeal our intervention and the escalation of the war has brought on the Vietnamese people. Indeed, the criticism has focused on ends and means, both political and moral.

The response of the President and his chief advisors has been mainly to question the loyalty of dissenters in wartime, to plead special knowledge not available to outsiders, to increase our commitments in Vietnam. However, President Johnson did make several good points in what was generally a disappointing speech. One of them was that "the affluence of power for an intellectual community . . . has not been won without some pain. An uneasy conscience is the price any concerned man pays, whether politician or professor, for a share of power in this nuclear age." And this goes to the crux of the matter of criticism. For in a sense, Americans are not without some responsibility for their country's actions in Vietnam, those who are not concerned least of all. The President must know that Americans are concerned about the war, and that the criticism is a result of that concern. Whatever the merits of a particular criticism, nobody need feel ashamed or disloyal when he is concerned about America at war.

SPANISH DIALECTIC

As an ancient saw has it, the Church must be a blend of the old and the new, modernity combined with respect for the past. By that standard, the Church in Spain seems a brilliant exhibit of the middle way. On the one hand, it exhibits a number of genuinely progressive priests, students and laymen. They proclaim Vatican II, the social encyclicals, freedom, justice and responsibility for society. On the other, it exhibits all the features of that Church so well beloved by the (journalistically) late Paul Blanshard: a working alliance of Church and State, repression of political and religious dissenters by the regime with apparently covert ecclesiastical approval, and a grand capacity to invoke time-honored Christian principles (peace, charity, harmony) to stifle protests.

In short, a fine balance of *aggiornamento* and the status quo; a dialectic of extremes; the old and the new joining hands. Thus could one given to taking "the larger view" see contemporary events in Spain. He could even see in the dialectical tension the will of God, gradually moving the Church forward yet preserving it at the same time from chaos, rebellion and ultimate dissolution. There is a way of reading every event providentially, and practitioners of the art can luxuriate in the possibilities which Spain presents to sharpen their skills.

We claim no gifts of reading Providence; our response to Spanish Catholicism is more prosaic. To wit: the beating of 120 priests in Barcelona by the police for staging a peaceful protest was brutal and unexpected; and of course wrong. The refusal of Archbishop Gregoria Modrego y Casaus to condemn the beatings was, however, not only wrong, but it was equally brutal: brutal to the mind and the Spirit. Was this failure, like the beatings themselves, unexpected? Less so, for the Spanish hierarchy, despite occasional liberal gestures, has shown itself to be a dutiful servant of the Franco regime. Faced with having to choose between loyalty to a regime which has showered so many public favors upon the Church (save freedom), and loyalty to obscure parish priests, the Archbishop acted carefully. He ordered the priests of his Archdiocese to read a statement from their pulpits calling for Church unity; and he made no mention of the beatings. No doubt a prudent decision, made with the good of the Church in mind. For it is always possible to find new priests, but, as history shows, far less easy to find governments willing to give the Church a favored position.

Nor should one overlook the worldly wisdom of Fernando Cardinal Quiroga y Palacios, president of the Spanish Episcopal Conference. He criticized the "tumultuous form" of the priests' protest (picketing) and observed that behavior of that sort was out of keeping with the priestly spirit. The Cardinal has a point. After all, the priests were picketing about a rather normal kind of event in a totalitarian regime: the reported torture of a student leader. Why should any priest get excited about that sort of thing, especially when there is so much sin in the world, so many people who need "priestly" priests to dispense the sacraments, so much to lose should the Franco government decide that the Church as such represented a danger to law and order?

But isn't there something providential in all this? Isn't there also some way one can take a charitable, patient and tolerant view of the episcopal response to the beaten priests? Do you laymen—someone could well ask us at this point—have to be so harsh on Archbishops and Cardinals, men who, after, all share in the Apostolic Succession and are given special graces to guide and instruct the Church?

Let us try to answer those questions. Yes, there is something providential: a Church which can survive the leadership of such "prudent" Archbishops and Cardinals must, indeed, be under the ultimate protection of the

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Holy Spirit. And of course there is a way one can take a charitable view of their actions: just say to oneself, over and over, that one *may* not have *all* the facts; that the Archbishop and Cardinal mentioned may know things they can't reveal to the public or their own priests; that the priests who were beaten may be an unstable, dangerous lot; that progress takes time and the hierarchy may simply be working more carefully and slowly than hotheads like. These are the time-honored ways of excusing inactivity, sins of omission, and compromise of Christian truth; they can be used here, we suppose. Finally, it is perfectly true that we laymen don't have to be so harsh; we could write an editorial on other matters. But we caught at an early age a sometimes fatal disease—that of taking the high episcopal office seriously, and expecting much from it.

CONTAINING ABM

The idea of missiles which could shoot down missiles once was a staple of science fiction and a pleasant daydream of defense planners. Such a weapon would restore the balance of defense and offense which thermonuclear warheads had so overwhelmingly upset. With some sort of protection against momentary devastation, the delicate see-saw mutual madness known as deterrence might be slowly dismantled. However, now that the reality, or rather a facsimile of it, is on the horizon, doubts are plentiful, hesitation is official policy, and even advocacy is marked by a note of desperation.

The specific reality under discussion is, of course, the Nike-X anti-ballistic missile system (ABM) which the Pentagon has been researching and testing since 1962 at a cost of over a billion dollars. The ABM system is a fantastic complex of data-processing equipment, sophisticated radar and missiles with nuclear warheads; it tracks incoming missiles, discriminates between genuine enemy warheads and decoys, and fires Zeus and Sprint missiles on an intercepting course. Since the enemy missiles are put out of commission by nuclear explosions far above the earth, a final component in a large-scale ABM system would be a nation-wide system of fall-out shelters and perhaps even blast shelters.

Five years ago, Nikita Khrushchev boasted of a Soviet anti-missile missile; and the Russians are known to have developed an ABM system and may have begun to deploy it. A recent issue of *The Economist*, speculating on the reasons for numerous U.S. and Soviet underground nuclear tests, suggests the Russians will "announce very soon that they have ringed certain key cities with impregnable missile defenses." Such a claim, as *The Economist* points out, would contain a good deal of sheer bluff, which is hardly to be put to the test. But it is the sort of development which is putting pressure on the U.S. to produce and deploy an ABM system of its own. The Joint Chiefs of Staff have recommended such a step, and the Senate Armed Services Committee, trying to force the Administration's hand, has won Senatorial approval of a $168 million appropriation for production of "long lead-time items" in the Nike-X ABM system.

Secretary McNamara has resisted this pressure thus far. He is particularly doubtful about the merits of the gigantic ten-year, $18-24 billion ABM system proposed to counter a full-scale Soviet missile attack. He appears mildly favorable toward a $5-8 billion system aimed toward protecting the U.S. from the relatively primitive nuclear striking force China may have in the 70's. The Committee on Arms Control and Disarmament at last year's White House Conference on International Cooperation urged a three-year moratorium on deployment of any ABM system. The Committee actually recommended U.S.-Soviet *agreement* on a moratorium. Recent reports suggest that efforts in this direction have proved fruitless, but much of the Committee's argument remains as relevant for unilateral American restraint.

The arguments for and against focus on two areas: the American-Soviet arms race and the problem of nuclear proliferation. The White House Committee argued that deployment of ABM systems would merely "induce both superpowers to step up their strategic weapons programs in an effort to ensure their respective 'deterrent' capabilities." The deployment of an ABM system would be the opening bell for a new round of building ever more destructive offensive weapons. Even a skeleton ABM system meant only to forestall attacks from China or other "third nations" would likely stir up enough doubt in the opposing superpower to accelerate the arms race.

Some military spokesmen have expressed fears that the USSR could very well make a scientific breakthrough which would give them an "airtight" defense. This would upset the world balance of power indeed. But it is hard to see any connection between such fears and U.S. production of an ABM system. The U.S. is surely exploring all the same kinds of defense possibilities Russia is; and this kind of research is hardly aided by the actual deployment of a far-from-airtight defense system—it may even be retarded through relocation of funds and talent. The only U.S. defense against a Soviet breakthrough of this sort would be a breakthrough of our own. Against a USSR completely invulnerable to attack, not even the most extensive American ABM system would restore the balance of power.

The arguments centering on the proliferation question are more complicated. Some have argued that skeleton ABM systems in the U.S. and USSR would discourage proliferation because they would render "third nation" nuclear forces like France's *force de frappe* militarily useless. This argument has some point, but it ignores two facts. First, not military considerations but prestige and the desire to be accounted an independent power are major, perhaps even *the* major reasons for nations to

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consider becoming nuclear powers—note Indonesia's announced intention to build a nuclear bomb! "We don't want to be left behind in this respect," said General Suharto. Second, the crucial military confrontations which may cause proliferation do not involve either the U.S. or Russia, i.e., India vs. China, Israel vs. Egypt, the Union of South Africa vs. the rest of Africa.

Pace some government critics, not every military technological advance is a step toward war; the "hardening" of missiles, for example, did much to stabilize the "balance of terror." A small-scale (if $8 billion can be termed small!) ABM system aimed to counter Chinese missiles could be of this sort; if nothing else, it would be a standing rebuttal to advocates of a first-strike against China. But on balance the case remains to be proved. As for an ABM system meant to counter Russia, it reeks of the absurd. Whatever defenses Russia is presently constructing, we should remember that in Russia's case, as in ours, a skeleton ABM system may be inspired by China; after all, Peking, which now denounces Moscow and Washington in the same breath, will have middle-range missiles before trans-Pacific ones. Judging from the grim figures McNamara used last June to describe the U.S. deterrent (over 100 million Soviet fatalities and 80 percent of its industry), this force would meet, even in the face of a skeleton Soviet ABM system, the McNamara definition of "an effective deterrent" (one-quarter of an enemy's population and two-thirds of its industry). In a world so irrational that figures like these are part of normal political discourse, a plunge into a full-scale ABM system would only compound the madness.

POPE PAUL ON POVERTY

Like the weather, everyone talks about poverty, but hardly anyone does anything about it. But what can be done, and, more specifically, what can the Church as Church do? This question was obviously on Pope Paul's mind in his speech of May 11 to a group of specialists from Catholic charitable agencies. Quite wisely he pointed out that a full-scale alleviation of poverty would require a transformation of the world's financial and economic system, not to mention "methods capable of multiplying productivity and transforming the mechanism of international commerce." With equal wisdom, however, he observed that changes of this scope and magnitude are well beyond the means of the Church.

The Pope's mention of this last point is worth keeping in mind. For the horrendous fact about world poverty is that no one institution or one nation can by itself do more than scratch the surface. The only hope is a genuinely universal movement, drawing on the dedication and resources of many nations and many institutions. At the same time, the Pope indicated some particular contributions the Church can make: it can help to "make the stark reality better known, helping to reveal its gigantic dimensions, indicating ways of remedying it and, above all, arousing a lively awareness of the obligations deriving from man's universal brotherhood."

Pope Paul himself has done outstanding work in these respects, but for the Church as a whole world poverty remains a relatively secondary issue. It would be interesting, for instance, to know how many parishes have tried in some concerted way to educate their people on the dimensions of the problem; or how many have decided to forego a new school or rectory and divert their money toward the alleviation of poverty. We fear the total would be embarrassingly slight.

PERSECUTION IN SUDAN

One continuing case of overt persecution that goes largely unreported in the world press is the aggressive campaign by the Sudan's Arab government against Christians, mostly black Africans of the South. Officially, the government proclaims a policy of religious liberty. Actually, the persecution, often the extermination, of Christians is a regular matter. Last July, a priest was murdered by Northern Sudanese soldiers in front of the cathedral in Wau. All the other priests in the area, including the administrator, fled into the bush after the soldiers attacked their churches, burned some of them and pillaged the rest. Both the minor and major seminaries of Porkele and Tore have been destroyed and staff and students have fled into the Congo. Two Anglican assistant bishops, feared dead, have been reported safe after fleeing for their lives into the bushlands and forest areas.

Religious persecution is not the whole story. The Sudan Air Force has flown many bombing raids against Southern villages, apparently with the intention of driving black Sudanese permanently across the border into Ethiopia, Uganda and the Central African Republic. According to reports, there are between 70,000 and 100,000 Sudanese refugees in these countries. Brother John O'Connor, S.M., principal of Aquinas High School in Nairobi, Kenya, charges that the Sudanese Army has marched at least 50 miles into Ethiopia and destroyed several villages, and killed at least 200 tribesmen.

The performance of the Sudanese government manages to combine, colonialism, racial persecution, religious persecution and overt aggression against a neighbor. The world spotlight should be turned on this ugly situation through a full-scale debate at the United Nations.

HAZARDS OF WAR

Perhaps Hemingway could have written about it. For behind all the rationale and dread, war is a very cool world indeed. One day last week some G.I.'s in Saigon

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got jittery, according to the news stories, and before anybody knew it, six Vietnamese lay dead on one of the big main streets. Another 21 Vietnamese and eight Americans were wounded. It happens in even the best of wars; it happens when the civilian population is hostile to the soldiers, and when the civilians are many and the soldiers few. No doubt something like this happens on hot summer nights in American Negro ghettos when everybody is outside and the policemen feel more outnumbered than usual.

The American soldiers who shot up the street in Saigon for 25 minutes with rifle and machine gun fire thought they were being attacked by a band of Vietcong terrorists. A bomb did go off, injuring an American and two Vietnamese civilians; some M.P.'s fired at what they thought was a get-away car. But here the reports of what happened get confusing. What is known is that other soldiers several blocks away, some of them officers standing in the windows of their billets, began shooting wildly into the street. A 17-year-old boy waiting inside of a hospital was killed by a shot through the neck. Two M.P.'s reportedly emptied their automatic rifles into the building. A truck carrying women laborers and their children was fired upon and several were killed and wounded. Somebody had heard that a terrorist truck loaded with explosives was roaming the area looking for a target.

We are not surprised anymore that the main American reaction seems to have been worry about what the Buddhists would make of the incident. More and more we find ourselves worrying about the consequences of incidents, some of them quite terrible in themselves, rather than the causes. After all, the event can't be willed away; it must be coped with. This is reasonable, but unsatisfactory. As unsatisfactory as we imagine the indemnity will be to the families of the victims of this latest incident.

Actually, we are surprised by very little that happened in Saigon last week, and rather impatient with anybody who is. Even the aspect of officers keeping arms in their billets, which was against military regulations, does not seem astonishing under the circumstances. The apparent inability of Americans to distinguish between the "friendlies" and the "VC" among the Vietnamese is at once the alibi and the omen of the tragedy of America's involvement in Vietnam. We doubt that we have heard the last of this incident, for it is blood, not milk, that is being spilled in that corner of the Asian continent.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

TEXAS SOJOURN

I watched the National Broadcasting Company's hour-long documentary, "The Hill Country: Lyndon Johnson's Texas," on May 9 under special circumstances. I had just returned from a lengthy trip to Texas and the Southwest where I gathered background information on politics and natural resources. The NBC documentary confirmed some impressions I had formed during my trip about President Johnson and about the America he is trying to improve and beautify.

The documentary consisted mostly of Mr. Johnson talking to NBC reporter Ray Scherer. (The President thinks highly of Scherer, a conscientious, hard-working correspondent, and attempted unsuccessfully last fall to persuade him to become White House press secretary.) The program focused on the countryside of southcentral Texas along the banks of the Pedernales River where Mr. Johnson spent his boyhood and where he has now reassembled a good share of his grandfather's holdings and built a luxurious "ranch house." The cameras showed the rolling brown hills, the big skies, the fields carpeted (in spring) with Texas bluebonnets growing wild, the sudden, small streams like the Pedernales, and the fields where goats, sheep, and sometimes cattle roam. This hill country forms a dividing line; here Texas ceases to be southern and begins to be western, the land gradually becoming more arid and rugged.

The President reminisced engagingly about his boyhood and told bits of family history, such as the time his grandmother hid out in the cellar during an Indian raid. In response to questions, he three different times attempted to define what this part of America means to him. His essential answer was that this was home, and a man is lucky if he can get back now and then to any community where he has roots and a past that means something positive to him. Since that simple, sincere answer was not long enough or perhaps imposing enough to fit the portentous format of the program, he eventually volunteered additional explanations.

One was that as a boy, he had read a lot about Thomas Jefferson and been convinced by his hero's philosophy as to the importance of living close to the land, which may be true for all I know but which sounds improbable. A second interpretation was that he likes to visit his home country because he realizes that land is the basis of the nation's wealth and that a man who knows the land and the people who live on it naturally understands a lot about economics. In truth, of course, the nation's wealth nowadays depends only to a small extent upon the land; the mineral resources beneath the land are important but far more so are the intellectual resources of the nation's laboratories and universities and the managerial and technological skills of its factories. And when one thinks of

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the various crackpot theories put forward over the centuries by land-oriented thinkers, the connection between economic wisdom and the land seems highly dubious.

Mr. Johnson was on firmer footing when he called attention to the federal government's crucial contribution to the present prosperity of the Texas hill country. He cited the soil conservation practices introduced by the U. S. Department of Agriculture in the 1930's and the rural electrification programs which brought electric light and, later, the telephone to rural homes. It took a considerable capital investment by the federal government, drawing upon the taxable wealth of the urbanized, industrial East and Middle West, to make the hill country a viable and reasonably prosperous section. Rural Texas, like the rest of the rural south and southwest, has traditionally received much more in Federal benefits than it has paid in taxes.

The Other Side

The President omitted entirely any mention of the part that politics and government largesse played in his own family saga. His father went broke twice in the recessions of the early '20's, and the family finally lost almost everything in the great depression of 1929. But Mr. Johnson's father had for many years been a popular figure in the Texas state legislature. Representative-elect Richard Kleberg hired young Lyndon as his secretary in 1931 largely because of the friendship between their fathers. Once in Washington, Lyndon benefited from the patronage of Sam Rayburn, a future speaker of the House and another friend of his father. Through politics, Mr. Johnson was able to obtain the franchises for the radio station, and later the television station, in Austin which his wife owns. The radio-and-television profits are what have enabled him over the last twenty years to buy back most, though not all, of his grandfather's lands. A cynic might conclude that it is good to read Thomas Jefferson and love the land, but it is better to know the members of the Federal Communications Commission.

The cameras showed the people of Johnson City (pop. 630); one saw the clear, open faces of the young, the seamed, sun-toughened faces and gnarled hands of the old; a rather jolly, fat, middle-aged woman restaurant-owner recalled how Lyndon as a high school boy led the pack into her place to order chili (known in Texas teenage talk as "Mexican t-bone"); and in the hot sunshine, four old gaffers, not much older than the President, whiled away the afternoon playing dominos. Like the land itself so lovingly portrayed by the cameras, these "plain folks," the President's neighbors, do exist and are admirable people.

But the cameras did not show the oil company executives, the suave corporation lawyers, the bankers and insurance tycoons and the big contractors with whom Lyndon Johnson over the years gradually came to terms, whose confidence he won, and whose values make up a large part of his own. Governor John Connally, the handsome, intelligent, conservative political spokesman for the Texas establishment was not shown, for example, although he has been a bigger influence on the President than all of the latter's Johnson City neighbors put together.

Lyndon Johnson is several men, just as Texas is several societies. The neo-Populist, poor boy Johnson is authentic just as are the bluebonnet-clad meadows and spreading oak trees of the hill country. It is this Johnson and this social and geographic background that make him an effective, spontaneous champion of Negroes and poor whites, of the aged poor and the undereducated young. It also enables him to speak passionately for the "new conservation" and to invoke the beauties of this land. But the wheeler-dealer, get-rich-quick, you-scratch-my-back-I'll-scratch-yours Johnson is also authentic just as are the stark skyscrapers of Houston and the oil rigs of Odessa.

In his private capacity, Mr. Johnson can afford to lavish love (and money) upon his hill country estate only because he first succeeded in the "Great Barbecue"; in his case, he extracted not an oil well or an aerospace contract or a choice piece of downtown real estate but a valuable government radio-and-television franchise. What is more, the good, admirable, plain-living Texans of Johnson City like the Americans in a thousand other small towns and cities across the nation envy and admire his financial acumen more than they deplore it. They love trees but they love more the money to be made from a housing subdivision; they respect beauty but even more they respect themselves or their son or their neighbor for seizing the chance to build a profitable motel, complete with ugly flashing sign, on a busy stretch of highway.

One comes away from NBC's documentary, "The Hill Country: Lyndon Johnson's Texas," as one comes away from a trip through this country itself, burdened with troublesome doubts and questions. Can a people who want so keenly to be rich cherish and sustain the value of a Great Society? Can a people who have invented and calmly accepted the frozen, pre-shaped, taste-free hamburger and other plastic foods, who have invented and calmly accepted the motel with cinder block, noise-transmitting walls, and who have gladly spent so much of their time in uncomfortable, unsafe automobiles—can such a people create a high civilization? Can a people who have ruined cities, small and great, from Silver Spring, Maryland to Corpus Christi, Texas, from Flagstaff, Arizona to Los Angeles, California with hideous signs and cheap jack buildings—can they practice the values of the "new conservation"?

Lyndon Johnson is a strong President because, among other reasons, he is so typical of Texans and of Americans. With all his conflicts and ambiguities, he is the kind of President he is because Americans are the kind of people they are.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

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THE SOCIOLOGY OF ECUMENISM

Preparing the psychological ground

MICHAEL D. ZEIK

Though it may seem a hard saying in the face of the recent progress of the Consultation on Church Union, which recently concluded a notably successful meeting in Dallas, fifty years of effort has not yet succeeded in bringing about Protestant unity. Such is the verdict of at least two Protestant theologians, Martin E. Marty and George Lindbeck. The reasons for failure ought to be studied carefully by all those who hope for a far more difficult union—the union of Catholics and Protestants. The real difficulty, according to these writers, is that the movement for Protestant unity never caught on, to begin with, at the grassroots level.

Marty maintains that the official ecumenical committees, the regional councils, and even the World Council of Churches, while important in their own way, present an institutional facade covering up an almost total lack of local commitment on the part of the rank-and-file Protestant. The average Protestant apparently does not see what is to be gained by sacrificing his own cherished traditions in favor of amalgamation. On the local level, these writers are unable to find either practical cooperation in charitable and community enterprises, or personal dialogue about the Christian faith.

And at this stage of the game, Lindbeck charges, despite ecumenical meetings, annual contributions, and occasional public gestures, the Protestant denominations go their separate ways in 99 percent of their religious lives. He feels, therefore, that the official facade can even be dangerous as a psychological device permitting a denomination to consider itself ecumenical, while it continues, undisturbed, in its self-centered and self-satisfied groove.

This is not the language that a Catholic outsider would choose to use; it is the language of Protestant observers, themselves. Actually, for reasons which will appear later, I believe that, in their pressing desire for progress, they tend to underestimate somewhat the significance of an organization like the World Council of Churches.

But their evaluation of the situation does point up in no uncertain fashion the necessity for grass-roots contact between Catholic and Protestant. Their verdict, I might add, is also borne out by the dismal history of the failure to heal the schism between the Latin and Greek Churches during the Middle Ages.

The Second Council of Lyons was called in 1274 by Pope Gregory X, in order, among other things, to restore unity to the Roman and Byzantine Churches. In the fourth session of the Council, the Greek delegates accepted a carefully worded profession of faith which resolved such weighty theological issues as the Primacy of Peter, and the "Filioque" clause of the creed. A dramatic moment: the schism was over—for the theologians! But when the Greek envoys returned home they were greeted with cries of "Better the Sultan than the Pope!" A diplomatic and theological success, the Second Council of Lyons, from the standpoint of sociology, proved to be a total failure! After centuries of suspicion and estrangement, the populace simply would not have it.

Greek and Roman churchmen went through the same procedure 165 years later, at the Council of Florence, with identical results. For daring to make peace with the hated Latin Church, the Archbishop of Kiev was thrown into prison upon his return home. After analyzing the history of this schism, the Catholic theologian Yves Con-

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gar has concluded, "A general rapprochement is the indispensable preparation for a reunion . . . one of the causes of the failure of past advances and efforts, was the lack of *psychological preparation on both sides*."

Human fellowship and lay-understanding are vital for enduring reconciliation, but it is not necessary to slur over the positive institutional accomplishments of Protestant ecumenism. Would that Catholics and Protestants enjoyed the equivalent organizations. Bureaucracy, as all pioneers have learned, is something you can afford to make jokes about, only after you have achieved it. The Protestant regional Councils and World Council of Churches could yet come to represent a significant breakthrough. This is why.

"Spill-over"

Professor Amitai Etzioni of Columbia University, in his recent book, *Political Unification*, notes that under proper conditions, unification in a single area of relationships can induce unification in many others. A classic example of this process of "spill-over," as the sociologists call it, is the present, flourishing European Common Market. The really amazing history of the ECM, removed though it is from all question of religious faith and doctrine, ought to be studied by Catholic and Protestant ecumenists.

The facts, as you recall, are these. In 1950, the French Foreign Minister, Robert Schuman proposed a plan (conceived by Jean Monnet) to form a European Coal and Steel community. Within two years, it was accepted by the six nations. Almost immediately, the opening of trade barriers for coal and steel gave rise to the further demand that preferences in freight rates on national railroads be abolished. Otherwise, an *indirect* discrimination against imported coal and steel would still be operative.

This action led in turn to a consideration of variations in working conditions in these basic industries of the six nations. Unless some uniformity were obtained here, the companies (and nations) with the poorest labor policies, by holding down their costs, would have a distinct advantage in open competition.

The Suez crisis of 1956 which threatened Europe's oil supply, provided an impetus for additional concerted planning—particularly with regard to opening up new sources of industrial energy. This was the beginning of Euratom. Thus, proceeding step by step, these six nations were led, in 1957, to set up the full-fledged European Common Market. There was so much economic interdependence between one step and the next, that the organizational "spill-over" was phenomenal. And who can say what the final fruit of the Common Market will be?

Now let us come back to the subject at hand, the problem of Christian reunion. History and sociology have demonstrated that we need make no invidious comparisons between top-level, institutional diplomacy, and grass-roots, personal contact. We are not faced with an "either-or" choice of ecumenical strategies. On the contrary, ecumenism will either walk on *both* legs, or it will fall flat on its face. If a Catholic may venture a judgment, the root reason why the Protestant World Council has not been more effective, is that it has been denied most of its potential for "spill-over"; Protestants have simply not invested enough real power in the Council to reveal its full possibilities. The motor is fine. They have yet to give it the gas.

To return to the subject of Protestant-Catholic reconciliation: on the level of personal involvement it is probably necessary to make a distinction between the (more-or-less) intellectual and the non-intellectual. In the case of the former, there has been a definite pick-up in the tempo of ecumenical relationships in recent years. We are aware that discussion groups of Catholic and Protestant laymen are no longer a novelty.

Ecumenical Laity

Recently, however, there have been questions raised about how they function. John Cogley, for one, has warned that laymen, who in the nature of things will be generally ill-equipped to tackle theological disputes, should leave these issues alone. Such discussions, he insists, demand "a grasp of two theological traditions, and a sharp awareness of where doors may be opening or of where lines must be drawn." The layman could, despite the best intentions in the world, close a door that should be left opened, or leave undrawn a line that should be drawn.

There is, undoubtedly, a problem here. Laymen, sitting down to talk over their beer and potato chips, are not going to resolve the complex issues which divide us. Indeed, any naive expectation on their part, of "doctrinal arbitration" and a "quick settlement," is going to lead to bitterness and discouragement. I have heard of ecumenical groups which ran into trouble and dissolved, almost as soon as they had proceeded beyond the hand-holding stage.

But in answer to Mr. Cogley, it might first be pointed out that you *can't keep* laymen from discussing theology these days. The mistake, it seems to me, arises when laymen concentrate on the issues dividing the churches. The really fruitful part of the dialogue ensues when Catholic and Protestant laymen get down to their *common* problems as 20th-Century Christians. They will not soon run out of subject matter! The contemporary revolutions in race relations, sexual behavior, urbanization, automation, techniques of war, etc., concern us all:—first, as men; and in a special way, as Christians.

The remarkable thing about discussions of this type is that the lines of agreement and disagreement quickly cut across the lines of religious denomination. In this manner new bonds of understanding and sympathy, based not on

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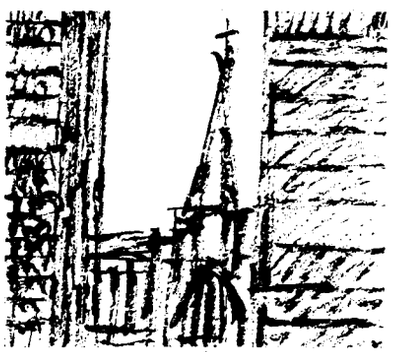
formal affiliation, but on Christian insight, are brought into being. (This, too, by the way, makes good sociology. For, as Etzioni points out, the more homogeneous any two organizations are, the more difficult their unification will prove. Two monolithically opposed groups will find it impossible to establish these cross-lines of understand- and rapport. Fortunately, this is not the case among Catholics and Protestants today.)

We start with the intellectuals, because, as Crane Brinton shows, in his *Anatomy of Revolution*, they are a crucial factor in the first stage of great social changes. We start with them, but it would be fatal to end with them—for one thing, because there are not enough of them. The intellectuals have got to produce some "spill-over" of their own. The inarticulate are not necessarily the unecumenical. They must be reached. And discussion groups are not a way of reaching them. The Christian intellectual, alive and sensitive to the ferment going on in the mind of the churches, must help inaugurate, on the local level, those lectures, joint church services, and co-operative community actions, which will enlist the interest and support of a much wider audience. We simply must have a broad sociological base for Christian reunion. Another Council of Lyons, at this point of history, would be intolerable.



We ought now to consider the opposite pole of unification: top-level institutional cooperation. With our previous discussion of the ECM in mind, I propose that we consider the possibility of something new: a "Christian Common Market." We are not talking about any cheap syncretism in matters of doctrine. The ecumenical common market here proposed, is one in which all our separate humanitarian and community services would be conducted under joint auspices and with mutual resources. This is not as "way-out" as it may sound. The recent announcement from Geneva, that the Vatican and the World Council of Churches had agreed to collaborate on famine relief in India and Africa, is highly significant. Joint famine relief in Asia and Africa will most likely entail further missionary collaboration. There may be some extensive organizational "spill-over" here. Joint famine relief will not be the end of cooperative humanitarian ventures by Christians.

Continuing this line of thought, I would like to see a kind of "People's Lobby," or better a "Conscience Lobby," in Washington, composed of experts, both lay and clerical, both Catholic and Protestant. (If Jews wished to be represented, so much the better. And I would not exclude secular humanists either.) With what matters would such a "Conscience Lobby" concern itself? I should think foreign aid, for one thing. It is an insult to the historical American conscience that our contribution to the economies of starving nations should remain at the level of half of one percent of our Gross National Product—or less than what we spend annually on cigarettes and chewing gum.

Such a lobby could also effectively represent the nation's conscience on the contemporary problems of racial injustice, war and peace, urban decay, and domestic poverty. And, in accordance with the federal pattern of American life, one would expect this master-lobby to "spill over" into state and community lobbies all over the nation. This is the highly strategic middle area, incidentally, where the national and the neighborhood ecumenical thrusts might meet each other half-way, filling the dreadful void that now exists.

Intercommunion

We have saved the good wine "till last." It is about the possibility of intercommunion that I finally wish to speak. As we all know, this possibility has been raised by many voices in Holland, and, more lately, by a few theologians in America. As a recent convert to the idea, I would like to set forth the reasons which persuade me. I am sure that, as the theologians say, "the question is not yet ripe"; but it is ripening fast, and I would urge our experts to give it the utmost attention.

There is no blasphemy in pointing out, to begin with, that intercommunion is also a development that makes excellent sociological sense. Robert Bales has shown that in nearly every human situation, we cap our "task-oriented" activities with more social and emotional "expressive" ones. There is a banquet after the year's work is done; a party after the crew safely returns. After Jesus taught the crowds, He fed them. Though it is also infinitely more, the Last Supper is another such occasion. Love, food, and friendship repair the ravages made by work, separation, and possible misunderstanding. Why not extend communion to our brothers who also work with us in rebuilding Christian unity?

It was Pius X who seemed to show that, under some circumstances, this may be possible. His two great decrees of 1905, and 1910, enabled frequent, even daily, communion; and allowed children to receive as soon as they could distinguish, in a manner suited to their years, the difference between the Blessed Sacrament and common bread. These two decrees are highly significant now. First of all, they make clear that the sacrament is not to be considered as a "reward" for being good, so much as

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a *means* for being good. Why need we, then, think of the Eucharist exclusively as a *reward* for unity, rather than as an *aid* toward unity?

Secondly, and this has not yet received the attention it deserves, the criteria set up by Pius X, by which we might judge eligibility for reception of the Sacrament, are also relevant. A baptized Christian may receive—and apply this to unity-minded Protestants, as you read it—if he understands the truths necessary for salvation (that God exists, and will hereafter judge us), and if he can distinguish (after the manner of his condition) the Sacrament from common bread.

Furthermore, no one should imagine that it represents some kind of magic cure-all for disunion. It is quite evident that many churches—the Polish National and the Greek Orthodox, for example, have had intercommunion for years, without taking another step toward union. It is only in connection with some of the other measures here outlined, that intercommunion would lead us closer to our goal.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." Such a moment in the history of Christianity is now at hand. If we do not succeed in creating strong bonds of friendship, trust, and cooperation now, when the tide is running with us, what will happen when the "ecumenical ebb" sets in? And it will. The glamour and the novelty will not last forever. But we need not end on a negative note. For these are not negative times. The work is going forward, as almost daily events make evident—that work which is essentially summed up by one line from St. John of the Cross: "Where there is no love, put love—and you will find love!"

Threat to the Democrats

LABOR AND POLITICS

SIDNEY LENS

There were some raised eyebrows not too long ago when George Meany laid down the gauntlet to the Democratic Party. "I don't buy the idea," said the AFL-CIO President, "and there is nothing in the record to sustain the idea that labor needs the Democratic Party. I am sure it is the other way around."

Could it be that Meany was prepared to sunder an alliance that had survived through thick and thin for three decades—especially now that Great Society reforms were running off the Congressional assembly line at a greater pace than at any time since the New Deal? Was he threatening to reduce labor's participation in politics, back to where it was, say, in Sam Gompers' or William Green's time? Did he have a labor party in mind? Or was he just speaking out of pique?

The element of pique was certainly obvious—and justified. Congress, for the second time around, was rebuffing labor on Section 14(b). The repeal of this portion of the Taft-Hartley law, which would have legalized the union shop in 19 states where it is now outlawed, was only a small payment to expect from the Democratic administration. But Mr. Johnson has failed to deliver. The suggested guidelines of 3.2 percent maximum wage increase proposed by the President and his Council of Economic Advisers also rankled Meany, and above all his friends in the building trades. Furthermore, with the war in Vietnam diverting Congressional and Executive thinking from domestic reforms, proposals for improving the minimum wage laws and unemployment compensation, seemed to be evoking less than robust enthusiasm. Efforts by Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz and other Administration stalwarts to twist labor's arm on these matters did not sit well with Meany. His outburst therefore was an understandable reflex action, and though it exaggerated labor's importance in the alliance with the Democratic Party, was not wholly without substance.

But if pique was a factor, Meany's ploy also was a calculated move. Assuming its present policies, labor's leadership, admittedly, had no place else to go. Meany himself made it categorically clear that he entertained no far-out notions about building a labor party, as in England or elsewhere in Europe. Nor was there much prospect of a modus vivendi with the Republicans, as was once practiced by John L. Lewis or the elder Hutcheson of the Carpenters' Union—if for no other reason than the paucity of liberals in the Grand Old Party.

But there was room for a better deal between the partners, and Meany was intent on squeezing what he could from his Democratic Party allies. He is not naive enough to believe, as do some unreconstructed rightists, that the AFL-CIO can deliver the vote of thirteen million workers and their wives on a gilt-edge platter. He knows the limitations of his organization. But he is also aware of the increased bargaining power he enjoys in this mid-term

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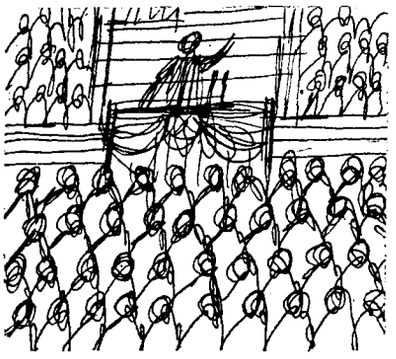
election. In *this* sense Johnson and the Democrats need labor more than vice versa.

The Administration is certainly bound for trouble come November; only a bumbling Republican leadership can save it from a severe rebuff. In addition to the normal losses for the ruling party in off-year voting, which over the last sixty years has averaged thirty-seven seats in the House and five in the Senate, there is the pervasive anxiety over Vietnam. Gallup poll or no, this is a most unpopular war, and the inflation and contemplated tax increases that go with it make it even more so. Though President Johnson has enjoyed clear sailing on most of his program, some of his victories (on the rent subsidy, for instance) have been razor thin. There are 51 first-term liberals in the House whose tenure can be cut short by a small shift of two or three percent in the electorate. Trouble looms in the Senatorial race in Michigan; a four-tenths of one percent change in Montana would retire Senator Lee Metcalf and a seven-tenths of one percent shift on Oklahoma would have the same effect on Senator Fred Harris. Four or five other incumbent Democratic Senators are fishing in turbulent waters.



It is with this in mind that labor's role becomes significant. In many marginal districts, union efforts, though far from overpowering, nevertheless represent the difference between defeat and victory. AFL-CIO's COPE raises $800,000 or $900,000 in dollar contributions from individual members, which are then dispensed around the country where needed. In addition various international unions have their own "free funds" to distribute; the auto union, for instance, recently donated $30,000 to the campaign of Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois. Here and there a labor organization finds its way around the strictures of the Taft-Hartley law, which prohibits direct contributions to federal campaigns from the union's own treasury, by making a gift to a local candidate with the quiet understanding that he himself will pass some of the funds on to Congressional or Senatorial aspirants. A million or two million dollars can make a difference if it is spent wisely in close races.

Equally important is manpower. Around election time labor mobilizes thousands of workers from the shops as well as many full-time organizers. The offices of the auto union, perhaps the most active of all politically, become depopulated by as much as one-half of the regular staff, all working the hustings for union-endorsed candidates. These are men, it should be noted, with considerable organizational talent, usually far above the caliber of ordinary Democrats. In the central offices of COPE the lists of perhaps half the local unions in town are broken down by ward and precinct so that they can be polled by the activists and enrolled in the cause. A special effort is made to get union men to register, on the theory that workers are more apt to disregard their function as voters than members of the middle-class, and this can sometimes be a major factor in the election itself. Union-leased autos, painted over with the names of union-endorsed aspirants, plastered with signs, participate in parades and make tours with loudspeakers blaring their message. In small towns especially, such as Peoria, Illinois or Muncie, Indiana, big unions like steel or auto can mobilize thousands of members to fill a meeting hall or listen to an open-air speech. On the first Tuesday in November innumerable union men, paid from the union treasury, can be seen driving voters to and from the polling booths, acting as watchers to assure an honest count, and calling on "sure" voters who have not yet cast a ballot. Thus by concentrating on marginal areas, by doling out $1,000 to $5,000 for Congressional hopefuls who need just a little push to put them over, labor can make an important contribution.

Solid Labor Support

Someone like Congressman Roman Pucinski in Chicago, who has solid labor support, can expect union watchers to man every one of the 472 precincts in his district on election day. Perhaps 50 or 100 will work some of these same precincts for three or four weeks prior to the balloting, distributing shopping bags at shopping centers, handing out leaflets, visiting a few homes. Pucinski is now fairly safe, but when he won the first time, some years ago, the unions certainly were the decisive factor; without them he would have lost.

How much COPE's activity (and that of DRIVE, the teamster union equivalent) translates into actual votes is difficult to say. An old-time Chicago union leader claims that he gauges his effectiveness by the number of ballots his man gets over and above the highest man on the local party ticket. That can be five or seven percent, he says, no small figure where a few percentage points determines the outcome. Labor theorists estimate that their work is decisive in some 35 or 37 districts. It may be only 10 or 20, but in a Congress so delicately balanced as ours that is enough to tip the scales on many pieces of legislation.

Overall this may not be impressive for a union movement with eighteen million members. Crusaders argue that if labor were to stop playing the game of "lesser evil" and embark on an independent course like the unions of Canada which have their own New Democratic Party,

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the results might be much more gratifying. Even in defeat, these men claim, the unions would exercise more influence than they now do in victory. Regardless, however, there is no question that labor's contribution does count —there is something to bargain over.

And that is what George Meany is doing. Labor's effect many only be negative, in the sense that if the union brass decided to sit it out they would cut the Democratic vote by only a few percentage points. But these few percentage points, as indicated, can mean as much as 20 Congressional and one or two Senatorial seats. Equally important, a labor endorsement buttresses the Democratic party's image of liberalism, an image that would be very much blurred without labor sponsorship. In a few cities, notably Detroit, the labor machine is as strong as that of the Democratic Party itself. A Democratic President, therefore, cuts himself off from this solid bloc at his own peril, and George Meany knows this as well as the next fellow.

The crucial elections of 1966, therefore, seem to be as good a time as any for Meany to press his claims. The President, at loggerheads with intellectuals and liberals over Vietnam, his Vice-President, Humphrey, discredited with old friends in ADA over the same issue, badly needs the liberal leavening that AFL-CIO can give the campaign. The question is what price he will pay for it. Will he make another try at revising Taft-Hartley, perhaps from a different direction? Will he close his eyes to the 3.2 percent guidelines and permit the stronger unions to outstrip it? Will he extend the minimum wage and unemployment compensation laws?

Meany's demarche is meant to raise the ante on matters such as these; it is not meant to rock the boat, or permanently rupture the old alliance. The worst that Mr. Johnson can expect if no understanding can be reached is that in certain twilight districts, where a Johnson man somewhat on the borderline of liberalism is running, the AFL-CIO will hold off. But though this may be important in 1966—"The Toughest Test," as the steel union calls it—it will not be earth-shaking in any long-term sense. It is just collective bargaining on the electoral front.

Search for values

WAUGH THE ARTIST

THOMAS F. STALEY

There were relatively few, if any, doctoral candidates circling like vultures over the latter days of Evelyn Waugh. An unabashed Tory, a conservative Roman Catholic, and an aristocrat contemptuous of most "causes," liberal or otherwise, Waugh appeared to be a curious anomaly in the literature of the twentieth century. His reputation rests today largely on what critics have alluded to as his piercing humor which holds all modern values and virtues up for ridicule and his artful English prose which he used as a sword. Already it seems that his place in literature will be based on his early satires of modern institutions and social classes, among them *Decline and Fall, Vile Bodies* and *A Handful of Dust.*

His later work has been largely ignored by serious critics in the 1950s and 60s. *Brideshead Revisited*, which marked a great departure for Waugh, received poor critical reception in both England and America, although it managed to sell better than anything he had written. Edmund Wilson had praised Waugh's earlier work but detested what he felt was sentimentality and "religious harping" in *Brideshead.* The "religious harping" which bothered Wilson had an opposite effect on many reviewers in the Catholic press. For example, Christopher Hollis in the *Tablet* praised the novel because it was "apologetic." Both views seem inaccurate, for the novel is not a systematic defense of a theological system, nor is the tone homiletic or harping. But the book is sentimental, because Waugh was unable to remain dispassionate toward his subject matter as he had done in his earlier satires.

By using satire as his mode Waugh had been able to criticize and ridicule the absurdities of modern civilization, and yet keep his own moral vision implicit. When he turned away from satire he was not only forced to become explicit in his denouncements of contemporary values but was faced with suggesting alternative ones. In *Brideshead* Waugh's positive values for modern civilization were the Roman Catholic Church and the aristocratic sensibility of Englishmen as it evolved from the Renaissance and Neo-Classic times, but had failed to sustain itself. It was in these two that man could once again find the enduring qualities of his greatness and principles for order in a disintegrating world with its secular culture. But there is no smugness in the Catholicism expressed in *Brideshead,*

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for God's grace, as Waugh sees it, seldom if ever works to the immediate advantage of man.

The chief flaws in *Brideshead* are structural and technical. Waugh is all too inclined to remain personally attached to his first-person narrator, Charles Ryder, and thus is unable to assert any ironic dimension which could evaluate properly the events and characters in the novel. It is not that Ryder becomes Waugh, but rather that Waugh becomes Ryder and is totally caught up in the narrator's sentimentality and romanticizing.

Waugh's failure to disengage himself from the events in *Brideshead* also led to the book's most serious struc-

tural flaw, the disproportionate length of the first section of the novel with its long development of Sabastian Flyte who all but disappears later on. Waugh's beautiful prose style is given up to lush reveries of Sabastian and Charles during their Oxford days. Even the frame device of having Ryder relate the events of the story years later while stationed at an army camp near *Brideshead* fails to relieve the novel of the author involvement marring it. The passion for dramatic objectivity which he learned from Henry James left Waugh in *Brideshead* when he tried to pose alternatives to the spiritual emptiness of England.

Brideshead is a failure not because Waugh tried to raise religious implications concerning the nature of man, or because the novel had evangelistic postures, but because it was too highly pitched, too sentimental, and oversimplified man's relationship to God.

Ours is not an age that holds satire pre-eminent and when Waugh followed *Brideshead* with *The Loved One* many critics saw him turning back to the only thing that he could write—scathing satires of contemporary man. His satire on Hollywood and modern burial practices seemed like such a waste of that beautiful prose. Many thought Waugh was merely settling back into his less ambitious but comfortable talent.

More and more the literary world seemed to look upon the Waugh of the 1950s and 60s as an anchorite in a world which could no longer take too seriously the Guy Crouchbacks or the Paul Pennyfeathers who cavorted through his novels. The picture of Waugh with his country tweeds and walking stick evoked bemused expressions. His letters on contemporary issues to *The Times, Commonweal* and many other public forums tended to make the man and his work seem as one. He continually spoke out against bourgeois values, government bureaucracy, and vulgar materialism. His politics and his reactions to the Vatican Council made him popular with many conservatives, and tended to obscure the writer and highlight the man.

It would be a serious mistake, however, to read Waugh's fiction as Tory or Roman Catholic polemic, for the source of his art lies far deeper. For all his careful reason, he remained closely allied to the Romanticism which grew out of the nineteenth century and viewed the modern world in an elegiac temper. His fiction, like that of so many of the Continental writers of this century, is a reaction against the scientific rationalism and the "scientism" which is, he felt, the generator of the technological revolution and in turn embodies the worship of progress and materialistic ideals. The great growth of science and the corresponding decline of religious belief left a great vacuum in human nature, and all of Waugh's characters reflect this dilemma. T. S. Eliot, William Butler Yeats, not to mention George Bernard Shaw, Wyndham Lewis and Hilaire Belloc, expressed profound despair with the modern world and reacted in ways similar to Waugh.

Eliot saw the modern world as a wasteland and sought order in the Church of England; he reacted to the political turmoil by speaking out against the prospects of democracy with its mass culture and feeble moral pose. Yeats retreated into his own visionary world of myth and ancient culture after crying out at the chaos which surrounded him. Waugh's search for values in the face of moral nullity led him to Roman Catholicism rather than *nada*, but also led him to support such political figures as Mussolini and Franco.

More than any of his other works, *A Handful of Dust* reveals Waugh's position in the mainstream of modern fiction, and reflects his vision of the sterile chaos within the world, a vision which he shared in common with any number of modern writers from D. H. Lawrence to Albert Camus. The epigraph and the title of *A Handful of Dust* are from Eliot's *The Waste Land*:

> I will show you something different from either
> Your shadow at morning striding behind you
> Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
> I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

Lines from Eliot's poem echo throughout the novel. Tony Last, the hero or anti-hero, is the most sympathetically drawn of all Waugh's satiric characters. He sets out in search of "a city" and then exposes himself to the barbaric tortures of savages in Brazil, but these torments are no more primitive than those that the civilized world, vividly represented by his wife, Brenda, have dealt out to him. The thematic implications of Tony's search are quite clear: the modern world has lost its cultural heritage and moral values. Even the pathetic

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Tony in his comic and abortive search for a meaningful life has at least gone beyond the sophisticated savagery of the hollow creatures who inhabit "Gothic England."

The "fear" that Eliot speaks of in *The Waste Land* is implicit in *A Handful of Dust*, for underneath the surface humor there lurks the terror that man when separated from his social and cultural heritage and given complete freedom will revert like Kurtz to the most primitive kind of savagery. The characters who surround Tony Last are like Scott Fitzgerald's American rich, at the end of their line: damned, Gothic figures who stumble through the halls and grounds of their country manors built by their ancestors, unable to live in the new order and at the same time cut off from the enduring source of their greatness. The opening lines of the novel with their piercing irony and surface humor set the pattern of the whole work and reflect the undercurrent of terror which is sustained throughout:

"Was anyone hurt?"

"No one I am thankful to say," said Mrs. Beaver, "except two housemaids who lost their heads and jumped through a glass roof into the paved court."

In *A Handful of Dust* Waugh's comic vision carries with it the tragic implications of a dying civilization. He felt that only the Church and the aristocracy with their links in history could draw men away from the terrifying abuses of modern life.

Waugh staunchly refused to accept the theological change which brought the Church into closer contact with modern times. Waugh saw the Church tied to history rather than with the shifting values of the contemporary. At twenty-six, upon his conversion to Catholicism, he stated his position quite clearly:

"England was Catholic for nine hundred years, then Protestant for three hundred years, then agnostic for a century. The Catholic structure still lies lightly buried beneath every phase of English life; history, topography, law, archeology, everywhere reveals Catholic origins."

To become a Catholic was, for Waugh, to become a part of history, a part of a 2000-year heritage which marked the history of Western Man. These same attitudes toward history and society which brought Waugh to Catholicism are also at the heart of his fiction. He distrusted temporal regimes of men, liberal humanism, and modern culture generally. The further our century drifted from the clarity, sensibility, and beauty of the Church, as Waugh saw it, the further the modern social order declined and created monsters in its downward descent. The Church's central, civilizing effect on society is at the center of most of Waugh's work. The most powerful images in his fiction are drawn from England's past, cathedrals, country houses, empty tabernacles or majestic eighteenth-century gardens.

It is hazardous to estimate an author's contribution at too close a range, but it is difficult to believe that Waugh will be considered merely an oblique commentator, a minor talent with a unique savor. Evelyn Waugh felt deeply the torments of his generation and responded as a mature artist whether in satire, essay, or romance. Whatever his talent, he is not merely idiosyncratic, but very much a part of the mainstream of modern literature, and his talent must be judged in this light. The judgment of Waugh during his lifetime fell largely on the man; perhaps with his death it will properly fall now on his artistry.

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DAVID READ

AENEAS

No mourning fathers stand
Upon the heights. The strand
Is bare of ships. The land
Is silent. Not a leaf stirs
Upon a branch. No bird whirs
Suddenly into the brush.

Is this my homeland then?
Where are the sounds children
Make, playing their games? When
Did the hearth-fires die, leaving
The sky smokeless? All my achieving
Suddenly seems senseless.

And yet the golden bough
Was mine, and love enough
For centuries to tell—though
All my loving was a fire
In my heart only; the pyre
Suddenly sweet Dido's fame.

The new city takes shape
After war, looting, rape;
Green hills ripe for the grape,
A river flowing, suggest
Contentment after a quest
Suddenly brought to earth.

But this silence—this air
Of death upon the fair
Land I remember, where
Friends were, family, home,
Tells me I am alone, come
Suddenly to a new world.

Now, like a dreamer, I
Step upon the shore, my
Eyes searching for the high
Ruin that I remember
As Ilium; remember
Suddenly and know I dream.

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PARALYSIS OF THE WILL

THE STAGE

The melancholy fascination which neurasthenia and paralysis of the will used to hold for Russian writers under the later Tsars is difficult for Americans to share or cope with. American actors do not know how to project these wistful psychic states and American audiences do not know how to enjoy them. The actors tend to put too much verve into their gloom, too much editorial comment; and the audiences ask themselves, what is it all for? Is it social criticism, or what?

Chekhov, Turgenev and Gogol have all been recent victims of this divergence of zeitgeists. The fact is that bourgeous consciousness has many mansions, and we are not really at ease in this one yet. We dig bumbling and compulsion and hard-core frustration; but sheer stasis, simple inability to move—these arthritic pleasures of a senile society have been denied us so far, and American productions tend to transform them into something else.

Ronald Ribman's adaptation of Turgenev's "Diary of a Superfluous Man" (called with ominous increase in vigor "The Fifth Horse"), adds yet a third awkward factor—an American author standing as go-between. Thus the delicate fragrance of futility is put through one more straining, and comes out very pale indeed. The central character is still inadequate enough, but by now arbitrarily so. His clumsiness lacks resonance or significance. It is "so what" clumsiness. And as interpreted by hearty Michael Tolin, it is also a palpable fake.

Fortunately, Mr. Ribman has had the wisdom to add a frame to Turgenev's story more suited to the local talent. He has given the superfluous diary to an equally superfluous publisher's reader—and this man's superfluity is the type we understand all too well. This is bombastic, deluded superfluity: superfluity with plans and know-how, incompetence on the move.

Dustin Hoffman plays this part with an adenoidal relish wonderful to hear. Zoditch, the reader, is ostensibly a Russian also, but we recognize him right away as one of ours—his antecedents are the salesmen and boosters and two-fisted dreamers of the American school. And he has the true scorn of the American misfit for his European brother. Why doesn't this guy do something? What's the matter with him anyway? he thinks, as he cackles over the manuscript. The fact that his own life is equally timid and abortive never enters his mind: although in the course of a single average evening it is demonstrated exhaustively and definitively.

Superficially Zoditch cuts a poor figure next to Chulkaturin, the author of the diary. Where the diary-keeper is noble, ironic and sensitive to the point of death, Zoditch is vain, salacious and incorruptibly smug. That he should despise Chulkaturin, and miss altogether the sad beauty of the latter's character, is just what we would expect of him.

Yet Zoditch is alive, even at his worst, even while fumbling fatuously for the landlady, and Chulkaturin is dead, even at his best, even while wandering around the house with a crushed lily, and perhaps this alters matters: at any rate we seem to be committed to that notion. So perhaps the whole play is a gloss on Leo Durocher's maxim that nice guys finish last. Or perhaps Ribman is simply talking about authors and publishers—the fine souls that write books and the crass ones that market them.

His play is open-ended as to meaning. Instead of driving towards some point, it stays in the one place, embroidering itself prettily. Some people find this an irritating way to go about things, but not I, we, this department, whatever we call myself today. The situation is dramatically interesting even in a state of arrested movement and the author plays resourceful variations on it. If he had done just a little better with Turgenev's side of things, he would have written an extraordinary play instead of just a very good one. (*At the American Place Theater*)

"Ivanov" is an even more advanced case of paralysis as plot. In this early play of Chekhov's there is no conflict at all in our sense, only the graceful decline of the protagonist into *nada*, night, death. Where an American would at least work up a little steam over how he got that way, Ivanov isn't even much interested in that: a man gets tired is all. The closest American equivalent to this epic of devitalization would be something like Scott Fitzgerald's "Crack-up"—but there is no real death in Fitzgerald's testimony: we know that we shall be hearing from him again. Ivanov, on the other hand, ends quite properly with a bullet in the brain.

John Gielgud might be expected to make the most of this languid, olde worlde melancholy, but for once his performance is just too pallid—he sleep-walks through the part, rather as he did with Brother Julian in "Tiny Alice," wringing his hands and looking jolly unhappy about things. Since Chekhov is in unusually melodramatic form anyway, ending each scene with a good-grief blackout, Gielgud's all-too conventional emotions give the play a stiffly old-fashioned air.

Yet it is a stronger play than it looks. Ivanov's despair, which is repeated like a choral lamentation throughout, makes a sturdy center-piece. Around it are grouped the feverish sights and sounds of people going nowhere. Gossip, speculation, intrigue must continue, even while a man dies of despair: in fact he must be fitted into the gossip and speculation.

Ivanov deserts his wife, out of deadness of heart—and this is immediately interpreted as a canny financial move on his part. He contracts a liaison with a young

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girl in hopes of being reborn—and this is seen as more financial maneuvering. Since his wife is Jewish, he can only improve himself by the change. This is the level on which gossip thinks, it can go no further; it is incurably innocent. When the liaison fails to stir his sluggish tissues, Ivanov does away with himself. The curtain comes down at this point, but no doubt the neighbors would have had an explanation for this too.

Despite so-so acting (large exceptions must be made of Ethel Griffies and Roland Culver) and a genteelly prankish production, Chekhov's sardonic intelligence wins by a nose. (*At the Shubert*) WILFRID SHEED

BLACKEST COMEDY

THE SCREEN

American film makers, not to be outdone by the far-out and blacker comedies coming from abroad, have a cycle of their own rolling in that line. "Dr. Strangelove," which was sort of a test to see how much audiences would take in bizarre mixtures of the comic and tragic, probably started the trend that was given a further push with "Lord Love a Duck" and "The Loved One." More of these so-called comedies are in the making. The most recent one to hit our screens, "A Fine Madness," gets so seriously black that one wonders if it should be labeled, in spite of its brilliantly funny scenes, a comedy at all.

"A Fine Madness" concentrates on the wild doings of a New York poet, Samson Shillitoe, who is a law unto himself—irresponsible, irresistible (to women), and irregular in payments of alimony to his ex-wife. He belongs with the anti-heroes of "Morgan!" and "Dylan" (now being prepared for the movies) and "The Horse's Mouth." But I doubt if Samson would get along with these charming rascals (or they with each other) or with anyone else unless he, also a charmer and a rascal, had everything his own way. After watching several battling-it-out scenes between Samson and his wife, you may wonder how she puts up with him at all. But they do love each other; and the roles are so well played by attractive Joanne Woodward, who skillfully displays patience and understanding as well as love for the man, and by Sean Connery, who has the non-conforming genius-at-work type down to perfection, that the marriage seems to be a happy one in spite of all its vicissitudes.

Irvin Kershner has directed "A Fine Madness" well. Connery departs gracefully from the James Bond syndrome to the more gauche but intelligent poet; the departure would have been even greater, however, if the Samson role hadn't included quite so much Bond-type girl-chasing and violence. Patrick O'Neal is excellent as the psychiatrist to whom Samson is trapped into going; and so is Jean Seberg as O'Neal's bored wife whose swim with Samson in a ripple bath throws the psychiatrist into a rage. The large and good supporting cast include Werner Peters, Colleen Dewhurst, and Clive Revill as doctors at Para Park, the mental health institute headed by O'Neal and where Samson is persuaded to stay—as patient and guest poet.

Director Kershner is at his best in the hilarious comedy scenes that run the range from slapstick to biting satire; and the very best of these shows Samson trying to earn $200 by reading his poems to a woman's club. The performance ends in a riot. Kershner also uses New York City well, and Ted McCord's color photography that makes the background for many of the episodes is stunning. On the whole, Elliott Baker's screenplay, based on his own novel, is sparkling and effective, but we are not prepared for the shock when it comes. One of the doctors at Para Park insists on performing a prefontal lobotomy, his own version of this frowned-upon operation, on Samson.

And from that point on, the fun and games in "A Fine Madness" are over. While there is a certain suspense in connection with this and the aftermath, the blackness has set in and we find ourselves embarrassed at laughing at any events connected with this deadly serious subject. And then we wonder if we should have laughed at any of Samson's outrageous pranks. Or is the film trying to say that Samson's non-conformist behavior is no worse than the unethical conduct of the doctors and psychiatrists? Perhaps poets will always be a law unto them-

BERNICE AMES

PICTURE A MAGPIE

This bird will not chatter.
His reputation drags
unstopped by my shutter

though his trail of absence
pulls my camera along
miles of running barbed fence.

I plot glossy black
in a swoop over hay.
He joins a tamarack

(subversive maneuver).
In the road I wait
to miss when he leaves cover.

Did he fly away from or toward
the picture's sun-edge?
Only the mind records.

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selves; or, as Samson puts it to Dr. O'Neal: "You protect what is, while I vision what could be."

In a way, "Les Bonnes Femmes," made by Claude Chabrol in France in 1960 and being released here now for the first time, is in the pattern of the current black comedies. It has some very amusing scenes as it follows for a couple of days and nights four girls who work in a Paris appliance shop. The girls are bored with their days in the shop; in fact so few customers come in that you wonder why its clock-watching owner needs four clerks and a cashier. But the girls struggle through the day and seem to enjoy only their lunch hour and after-work affairs. One night the camera follows two of the girls after they are picked up by a couple of lecherous middle-aged men and taken to a night club where drinks, silly hats, and a strip-tease act are the main attractions. Director Chabrol makes the most of the irony of this kind of evening—and the episode's ending in which the good girl goes home and the other girl takes on both men.

What humor and satire there is in the course of the girls' stories is contrasted with the grim finale to the tales, endings that include disappointment, disillusionment, and for one girl a horrible death. "Les Bonnes Femmes" is less interesting and conclusive as a whole than it is in its well-made parts. If it's saying anything, it is that life is pretty grim, as well as real and earnest, and that girls have a tough time mainly because men are the way they are. The shocker scene is not the murder of one of the girls, but the final shot to the whole movie: in which an entirely new girl is at a dime-a-dance dancehall; at the end she looks right into the camera and at us: this is it, this is us. Chabrol, one of the New Wave directors, isn't as good in this film as he was in "The Cousins." But "Les Bonnes Femmes" still deserves a seeing, if only for its compassion and what-a-fool-am-I tone.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

Children's Books

WHAT PRICE CATEGORIES

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES

When it comes to books, thinking in categories can be a hindrance to good reading. When it comes to children's books, and particularly children's "religious" books, the category is quite often just the thing you want to avoid. I think of an English mother whom I met in London last summer, a convert to Catholicism who was anxious to expose her children to the best religious books. Proudly she showed me some books she had sent for from America, a series of biographies of saints and priests and other people important in the Church.

They weren't bad books, of course; but the writing was dull and uninspired, the paper poor, and the type and illustrations left a good deal to be desired. Why did this mother, an intelligent, cultivated woman, buy anything so mediocre? The answer, I think, lies in the idea people have that any book explicitly labeled "religious" is somehow, in some way, valuable. This attitude is so common that it bears repeating that novels, poetry, books about art and science can frequently reveal as much about God as a book specifically about the Church. What is needed is insight and pattern, an understanding of life and character, and language that is used with style and vision. This is particularly true of books for children. The books below are quite good in this respect, and each, I think, in a broad sense can be truly said to have a "religious" content.

Houses by the Sea, for example, by Alice E. Goudey and illustrated by Adrienne Adams (Scribner's) has lovely color drawings and a poetic text. It is a wonderful introduction to shell collecting for young children. *Butterfly Time*, by the same author and artist, also leaves one with a haunting sense of the beauties of nature. *The Sea Around* by Rachel Carson, regular edition (Oxford) or children's (Golden), is a song of wonder. There are many other good books in libraries on rocks and birds and animals and flowers that will widen a child's world with understanding of the rhythms and intricacies of nature and the amazing interrelation of all forms of life.

Discovering Design, by Marion Downer (Lothrop), shows design in both nature and art. It is a book that will help children and grownups become more aware of the patterns around them. *The Story of Design*, by the same author, is a longer, more complicated book that traces man's instinct to design, the urge to shape, through the ages. I consider both of these excellent "religious" books. Shirley Glubok's distinguished art books for young children, *The Art of the Eskimo*, *The Art of Ancient Rome*, etc. (Harper), also give the child an appreciation of man's yearning for pattern and meaning. Histories of painting with reproductions in full color will help children understand the world both "inside" and out.

It would be difficult to recommend any single volume

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES *is a free-lance writer and children's books editor for the Garrard Publishing Company.* *Her selected list of children's books begins on page 287.*

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Upon seeing the first evening star,
make a wish and say:
Star light, star bright,
First star I've seen tonight:
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish tonight.

From "Pinkety-Pinkety" (Harcourt, Brace & World)

of "religious" poetry. It seems to me that all good poetry, by its very nature, is praise of life.

Stories

Stories are probably more popular than any other kind of book and good stories are read over and over. If the author has something to say, it makes an indelible impression. Claire Huchet Bishop, who has often written book reviews and articles for *Commonweal*, is the author of many children's classics. Her books often deal with courage and kindness and the triumph of the human spirit in times of adversity. *Twenty and Ten* (Viking), which tells of French children in a country school, is not a religious book because the school is run by a nun, but because the twenty Christian children risk their lives to save ten Jewish children from the Nazis.

A story that I have never forgotten is *The Faraway Lurs*, by Harry Behn (World), which was published in 1963. It is a tragic love story laid in the Bronze Age and is for boys and girls 12 up. This subtle, beautiful novel leaves one with more of a feeling of what life is about than many a moral tome. *The Family Conspiracy* by Joan Phipson (Harcourt) tells of the warmth and love and self-sacrifice of everyday family living. It is well-seasoned with humor and escapades too. Many of Natalie Savage Carlson's stories published by Harper and Row show respect and understanding between the generations and the difficulties and rewards of gaining maturity.

There are many, many outstanding novels for children that reveal the tragedies and wonders and dreams of man, his search for an understanding of himself, of his fellow men, and of God. I cannot begin to list them here, but librarians can usually suggest good stories for your child. If you are picking books out yourself, look for ones published by Ariel. In recent years, Ariel has brought out some unusually well written novels with real depth and substance. They have something to say about morality, but do not preach.

It is too bad we have gotten so accustomed to thinking in terms of categories. Children are missing many good books because of this. This is true not only in the area of religion but in all fields. Johnny likes adventure, we say. Charlotte likes history. Jane enjoys fantasy. Tom wants a book about space. When we hunt for the right book, we hunt in too few places. We forget the cross references. History can be adventure. Myth can be history. Science can be poetry.

There is a fascinating book for teenagers published this spring called *Man and Magic* by Benjamin Appel (Pantheon). This book, which is a serious study of magic through the ages, doesn't fit in any single category. It could be listed under History, Science, Hobbies and Religion. Young children of course are not conscious of categories. To them the entire world is fascinating. Picture-book shelves in a good library are a delightful jumble of everything. Small boys and girls come home with books about caterpillars and the moon, as well as stories.

Older children should be encouraged to vary their reading in the same way. This is an age of specialization, but for that very reason it is important not to forget the interrelatedness of things. Specialists of various sorts must be able to understand each other and the world they live in, if there is to be hope of peace, and if life is to have richness and meaning. The old ideal of the "whole man" still seems a good one. Indeed I feel the "religious man" is inevitably a "whole man."

Categories do help us to order and find material. In the reviews that follow I have listed the books under the usual headings, but the reader might play a game and see how many extra categories each book might fit under. The more children can think in the terms of cross references, the richer their world will become.

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A SELECTED LIST OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES

RELIGION

The Lord Is My Shepherd. The Twenty-third Psalm. Ill. by Tony Palazzo. Walck. $3.75.

Lovely colors of birds and animals interpret the 23rd Psalm. 3-7.

See Me Grow. By Mary Sue White. Ill. by Jean Tamburine. Abingdon. $2.50.

Verses and full-page pictures of proud accomplishments as a boy grows from 5 to 8. As he gets older he learns more about kindness and responsibility, and about God. 5-8.

More Beautiful Than Flowers. By Joan M. Lexau. Ill. by Don Bolognese. Lippincott. $2.95.

"I love You, God, for You are more beautiful than flowers . . ." Poetic words and sensitive water colors show God as He is manifested in Nature. 5-8.

Assignment to the Council. By Milton Lomask. Ill. by Hugh Baker. Doubleday. $3.25.

Chuck Gibson goes to Rome with his reporter father when he covers Vatican Council II. This gives a good, honest picture of what went on and the backstage politics that preceded decisions. 10-14.

The Story of Pope John XXIII. By Albert J. Nevins, M.M. Photos. Wonder-Grossett. 69¢.

This big paperback is a real bargain for it not only gives the career of Pope John but catches his warmth and spirit. Good writing and many interesting photos. 10 up & adult.

Tormented Angel. By Emmeline Garnett. Ariel. $3.25.

Not a full biography but a creative attempt to capture John Henry Newman's personality and to dramatize significant events in his spiritual development. Written with style. 13-18.

Seasons: A Cycle of Verse. Compiled by Emmeline Garnett. Bell-Farrar. $3.95.

Great poetry, from Shakespeare to Appalachian folk songs, that tells of God in man and nature throughout the Christian year. A rich, attractively printed anthology for teenagers & adults.

PICTURE BOOKS

If It Weren't for You. By Charlotte Zolotow. Ill. by Ben Schecter. Harper. $3.95.

An older brother imagines all the extra cake and peace he'd have if he were an only child. Charlotte Zolotow's wonderful memories of the pleasures and quarrels of childhood. Ben Schecter's illustrations in full color. This new artist should have a brilliant career.

What's That Noise. By Lois Kauffman. Ill. by Allan Eitzen. Lothrop. $3.50.

A homey, funny story about a small boy and the noise that frightens him at night. An original surprise ending. Bright, bold, stylized color pictures.

From "If It Weren't for You" (Harper & Row)

A Rainbow of My Own. Written and Ill. by Don Freeman. Viking. $3.00.

Rainbows real and imagined and a boy who tries to play with them. A short poetic text and lovely color pictures make an unusually satisfying book for small boys and girls.

Jennie's Hat. Written and Ill. by Ezra Jack Keats. Harper. $3.95.

Jennie's kindness to her bird friends is rewarded when they transform her plain spring hat into a gorgeous surprise. Colorful collage illustrations.

Curious George Goes to the Hospital. Written and Ill. by Margaret and H. A. Rey. Houghton. $3.25.

The popular monkey, George, goes to the hospital for an operation. His experiences and antics there will help prepare children for a similar trip.

The Muffletumps. By Jan Wahl. Ill. by Edward Ardizzone. Holt. $3.50.

The adventures of four Victorian dolls who take over the house when their family goes on vacation. A charming, old-fashioned story written and illustrated with style and humor.

Orlando the Brave Vulture. Written and Ill. by Tomi Ungerer. Harper. $3.50.

A brave vulture battles bandits and tries to rescue a lost American gold miner in Mexico. Tomi Ungerer's usual crisp style and zany humor combine to make an exciting and hilarious book.

For Alice, a Palace. By Mary Abrons. Ill. by Gertrude Barrer-Russell. Young Scott. $3.75.

A gay, alliterative, nonsensical story whose rhymes take you through the alphabet as Princess Alice celebrates her birthday. Enchanting, rococo illustrations of her palace.

Springtime in Noisy Village. By Astrid Lindgren. Ill. by Ilon Wikland. Viking. $3.50.

In Noisy Village children run wild in the spring, as they do everywhere, pick the first flowers and pat the new pets. A fun, friendly place where all children will long to go, especially when they see these wonderful, large, full-color pictures.

Fox and Fire. By Miska Miles. Ill. by John Schoenherr. Atlantic-Little. $3.50.

Strong, beautiful line drawings and a sure, simple text of a fox in a forest fire and how he finds refuge at a farm.

An Egg is for Wishing. By Helen Kay. Ill. by Yaroslava. Abelard. $2.95.

Nikolas tries to overcome his fear of hens so he can collect Easter eggs for his mother to decorate with *pysanki.* A well-designed book with decorative Slavic illustrations.

EASY READING

Miss Tibbett's Typewriter. By Eve Mer-

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riam. Ill. by Rick Schreiber. Knopf. $3.25.

Funny complications when Miss Tibbett's typewriter gets out of order—children will enjoy filling in the missing letters on her signs. Gay drawings. 6-9.

The Empty Barn. By Arthur G. de Angeli & Marguerite de Angeli. Ill. by Marguerite de Angeli. Westminster. $3.50.

Soft drawings and lovely water colors accompany this warm, old-fashioned story of a family that moves to the country and the many pets that fill their barn. 6-10.

Gaetanto the Pheasant. By Guido Rocca. Ill. by Giulo Cingoli & Guancarlo Carloni. Harper. $3.95.

Exquisite jeweled paintings that combine Renaissance brilliance with Oriental sensitivity, distinguish this poetic fable of two pheasants who escape a hunting preserve. 6-10.

ABC Molly. Written and Ill. by Jane Rietveld. Norton. $3.00.

Molly Conybeare, who lived in a pioneer mining town, longed to go to school like her brother. How she schemes to make her wish come true makes an exciting book with fine drawings. 7-10.

Kala and the Sea Bird. By Vera Cooper Mullins. Ill. by Earl Thollander. Golden Gate. $3.75.

Daily tribal life in early Hawaii is carefully described in this story of a boy who finally wins the esteem of his adopted father, a fisherman. A good supplemental book for social studies. 8-11.

FANTASY AND FOLKLORE

Baba Yaga. By Ernest Small. Ill. by Blair Lent. Houghton. $3.50.

Little Marusia is caught in the forest by terrible Baba Yaga, who eats bad Russian children. All ends well after many tense adventures. An old Russian folktale with vigorous peasant-like illustrations. 4-8.

A Tale of Stolen Time. By Evgeny Schwartz. Ill. by Nonny Hogrogian. Prentice-Hall. $3.75.

Four children who wasted their time suddenly find themselves old—their time stolen by sorcerers. An exciting, moral tale illustrated by the Caldecott Medal winner. 5-8.

Pangur Ban. Written and Ill. by Joan Balfour Payne. Hastings. $3.75.

Pangur Ban, a cat who lived long ago in Ireland, battles wolves and fairies before he finds happiness and wisdom as the beloved pet of Brother Kevin and the Archbishop. 6-9.

Philip and the Pooka. By Kathleen Green. Ill. by Victoria de Larrea. Lippincott. $2.95.

Fairy tales that are full of fun and the "Good People" of Ireland. 7-11.

From "Catch a Fish" (Bobbs-Merrill)

Told in Czechoslovakia. Retold by Virginia Haviland. Ill. by Trina S. Hyman. Little, Brown. $2.95.

Large type and attractive illustrations will make these favorite fairy tales a hit with beginning readers. 8-11.

M is for Mischief. By Richard Parker. Ill. by Charles Geer. Duell. $3.50.

When the children turn the setting on the old stove to M, for Mischief, all sorts of magical things happen. Humor and excitement too in this fast-paced modern fantasy. 8-11.

Andy Buckram's Tin Men. By Carol Ryrie Brink. Ill. by W. T. Mars. Viking. $3.50.

My nine-year-old boy liked this better than any other spring book. Fantasy and down-to-earth modern life are skillfully blended as a mechanical-minded boy makes some robots from old cans. A grand story. 8-12.

STORIES FOR AGES 9-13

The Riddle of the Ring. by Karin Anckarsvard. Trans. by Annabelle MacMillan. Ill. by Michael Hampshire. Harcourt. $3.25.

A welcome treat—a new mystery by Karin Anckarsvard. As usual she mixes thrills, humor, a school background, and a knowing portrait of adolescents and their problems.

My Name is Pablo. By Aimee Sommerfelt. Trans. by Patricia Crampton. Ill. by Hans N. Dahl. Criterion $3.00.

A Mexican shoeshine boy, poor financially but rich in courage and spirit, is befriended by a Norwegian lad who helps him fulfill his dream of getting an education.

Birkin. By Joan Phipson. Ill. by Margaret Horder. Harcourt. $3.50.

It's not just farming the children learn but kindness and responsibility, as they bring up a motherless calf. Unexpected hazards and unexpected rewards in this story by a prize-winning Australian writer.

Devil in Print. By Mary Drewery. Ill. by William Stobbs. McKay. $3.75.

A printer's apprentice faces great danger as he smuggles the first Bibles printed in English into Britain.

Five in a Tent. By Victoria Furman. Parents'. $2.95.

Girls will enjoy this summer of camp fun and accomplishments.

Koko and the Ghosts. By Ivan Kusan. Translated by Drenka Willen. Ill. by Paul Galdone. Harcourt. $3.75.

Yugoslavian boys, just like American boys, like to play detective. Realistic characterization in this fast-moving mystery with a city setting.

Island of the Great Yellow Ox. By Walter Macken. Macmillan. $3.50.

An original and thrilling treasure hunt laid in Ireland. Four boys are imprisoned on an island by unscrupulous adults searching for Druid art.

The Growing Season. By Stephen Cole. Ariel. $2.95.

A fine book about family relationships and the heartache and confusion that often accompany maturing. David's summer is one of outdoor fun, danger, and learning responsibility.

Cousin Tryg. By Laura Nelson Baker. Ill. by Paul Galdone. Lippincott. $3.50.

A sensitive, discerning story of a farm boy's adjustments after his father's death, his resentment and final friendship with Cousin Tryg, who comes to help. Excellent characterization.

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Henry Reed's Baby-Sitting Service. By Keith Robertson. Ill. by Robert McCloskey. Viking. $3.50.

Would-be baby-sitters will delight in Henry Reed's sly account of the horrors he and Midge endure during their summer of baby-sitting. Very funny, very satisfying, and very down-to-earth accounts of their experiences.

From "Fox and the Fire" (Atlantic-Little, Brown)

The Adventures of Homer Fink. By Sidney Offit. Ill. by Paul Galdone. St. Martin's. $3.50.

When Classics-lover Homer Fink, whose head is usually in Grecian clouds, decides to run for school president all sorts of unusual things are bound to happen. An amusing, erudite story with good conversation.

TEENAGE NOVELS

A Candle in her Room. By Ruth M. Arthur. Atheneum. $3.95.

Love battles witchcraft as three generations of girls are enticed by the evil doll, Dido. An original, romantic novel in the best Gothic tradition.

The Secret of Gold. By Madeleine Raillon. Trans. by Anne Carter. Harcourt. $3.25.

An exciting story based on the true life of Frederick Bottger, a court alchemist who discovered how to make porcelain. Rich period background.

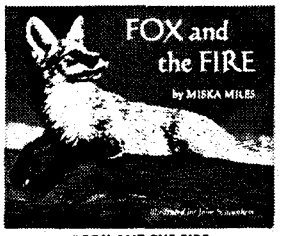
Apples Every Day. By Grace Richardson. Harper. $3.50.

An original, sophisticated story of a progressive, coeducational boarding school and a talented girl who has to learn how to handle her freedom. Young people will appreciate the author's honesty, intelligence and humor.

The Runaway Settlers. By Elsie Locke. Ill. by Anthony Maitland. Dutton. $3.75.

YOU HAVE A FRIEND, PIETRO
Josef Grund; *illustrated by Kurt Schmischke.*
8-12. $3.75

ROSEBUD
Written and illustrated by Ed Emberley. 4 up. $3.00



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Miska Miles; *illustrated by John Schoenherr.* 6-8. $3.50

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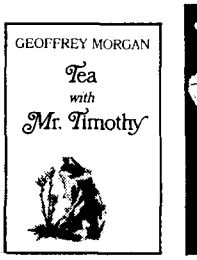

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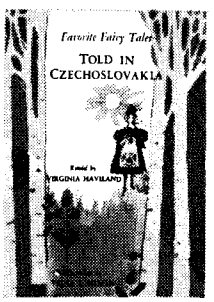

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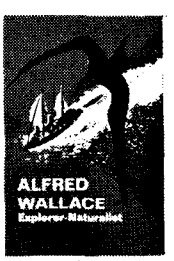

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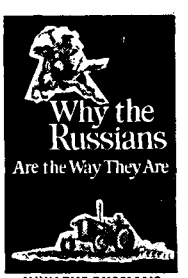
Joseph Cottler; *illustrated by John Kaufmann.* 12 up. $4.50



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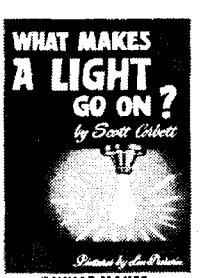

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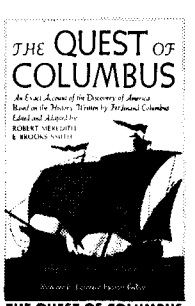
Scott Corbett; *illustrated by Leonard Darwin.* 6 up. $2.95



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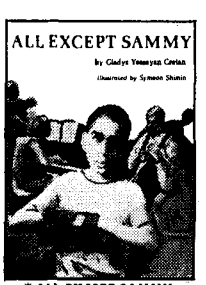
Robert Meredith and E. Brooks Smith; *illustrated by Leonard Fisher.* 12 up. $3.95



***ALL EXCEPT SAMMY**
Gladys Y. Cretan; *illustrated by Symeon Shimin.* 6-8. $3.00

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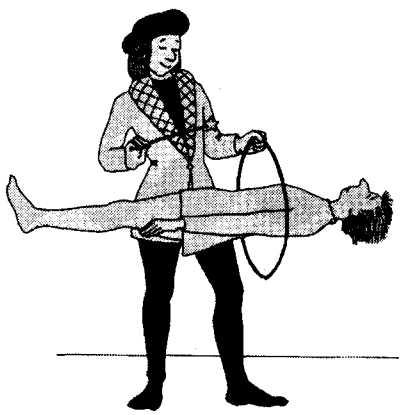
A gripping, beautifully written novel about a mother and her six resourceful children who make a new life for themselves in New Zealand in the late 1800's. Based on a real family.

The Talking Mountain. By Hal G. Evarts. Scribner's. $3.95.

Two young men brave perilous mountains to solve the mystery of a missing brother. Good rock-climbing detail.

The Shield of Archilles. By James Forman. Ariel. $3.25.

Conflict and tragedy on Cyprus as Greeks and Turks divide the island. Seventeen-year-old Eleni, an artist, her two boyfriends, one a saboteur the other a neutral, and fanatical Father Grikos, are the main characters in this rich, thoughtful novel.



From "49th Magician" (Pantheon)

The Plan for Birdmarsh. By K.M. Peyton. Ill. by Victor G. Ambrus. World. $3.75

A boy on a seaside farm gradually comes to accept the changes a modern marina will mean for his village. Sailing, and a plot to steal his brother's invention, add excitement to this fine study of adolescence.

Crimson Moccasins. By Wayne Dyre Doughty. Harper. $3.95.

The poignant story of a white boy, brought up by Indians, who is torn between his two backgrounds when he faces manhood. The strong, sensitive writing captures the spirit and dignity of the Miami Tribe. A remarkably fine book for a first novel.

Crazy Mary. By Molly Cone. Ill. by Ben Holmes. Houghton. $3.00.

Mary makes several false starts at college before she finds herself and a career that is right. Mrs. Cone's fluent and knowing writing appeals to girls.

Pastures of the Blue Crane. By H. F. Brinsmead. Coward. $3.95.

Rebuilding a rundown farm, an orphaned girl makes a new life, and learns something important about the unimportance of race and color besides. A fine novel laid in Australia.

Ash Road. By Ivan Southall. Ill. by Clem Searle. St. Martin's. $3.75.

A terrifying bush fire plays the central role in this strong, honest Australian novel about the families on Ash Road that lie in its path. Unforgettable writing.

BIOGRAPHY

Eleanor Roosevelt: First Lady of the World. By Charles P. Graves. Ill. by Polly Bolian. *Helen Keller: Toward the Light.* By Stewart and Polly Ann Graff. Ill. by Paul Frame. Garrard. Each $2.50.

Eleanor Roosevelt fought to overcome shyness; Helen Keller to overcome severe handicap. Girls, and boys too, will enjoy these valiant ladies who mastered their own problems and went on to do so much for the world. Warm, intimate, easy-reading biographies for ages 7-10.

Mary Anning's Treasures. By Helen Bush. Ill. by P. A. Hutchinson. McGraw. $3.25.

From childhood on Mary Anning collected "curiosities" on the beach. In time her fossil discoveries (among them an icthyosaurus) make her famous. A lively, fictionalized biography for ages 9-13.

Marian Anderson: Lady from Philadelphia. By Shirlee P. Newmann. Photos. Westminster. $3.75.

A full, inspiring, personal biography that reads like a story. 11-16.

I Elizabeth. By Ruth Painter Randall. Photos. Little. $4.50.

Thorough research into original source materials have made possible this excellent, intimate portrait of the gay, lively wife of George Armstrong Custer. Mrs. Randall, the Lincoln authority, writes with warmth and drama. Ages 12-18.

Alfred Wallace: Explorer Naturalist. By Joseph Cottler. Ill. by John Kaufmann. Little, Brown. $4.50.

Lesser known than Darwin, but also a pioneer in the theories of natural selection and survival of the fittest, Wallace had an adventurous and rewarding life. His explorations make gripping reading. 12-18.

The Long Fellow. By Jack Steffan. Photos. Macmillan. $3.95.

A full, personal portrait of Eamon De Valera and the struggles that led to Irish independence and De Valera's presidency. Vital and scholarly. 12-18.

Actress in Spite of Herself. By Mildred Allen Butler. Funk. $3.95.

The romantic life of Anna Cora Mowatt, a socially prominent New Yorker of the 1800's, who became an author and actress to support her family. 12-18.

Adlai Stevenson: Citizen of the World. By Bill Severn. Photos. McKay. $3.95.

Adlai Stevenson left a heritage of wit and dedication for young people to carry on. A timely political profile by an ex-newspaperman. 12-18.

Let Us Have Peace: The Life of Ulysses S. Grant. By Howard N. Meyer. Collier-Macmillan. $2.95.

Grant, the successful general is well known; Grant the man who fought for peace and understanding less so. Here is a book which puts him in proper perspective. This scholarly biography is one of five titles in a new series, "America in the Making," books about American history and folklore for readers 12-16.

THE UNITED STATES

If You Lived in Colonial Times. By Ann McGovern. Ill. by Brinton Turkle. Four Winds. $2.95.

Everyday life in Colonial New England. Food, clothes, school, work, fun etc. A simply written, quite short book. 6-10.

Indians. By Claude Appel. Follet. $4.50.

Stunning paintings by French artists enliven this large, handsome book about Indian cultures and leaders. 9-14.

The Cabinet. By Gerald W. Johnson. Ill. by Leonard Everett Fisher. Morrow. $3.50.

The role of the Cabinet through history. Mr. Johnson has a way of making government clear and fascinating. 10-14.

Everyday Life in Colonial America. By Louis B. Wright. *Everyday Life in Twentieth Century America.* By John W. Dodds. Photos & prints. Putnam. Each $3.50.

Excellent reference books on home life and culture. Many illustrations. 12-16.

The Quest of Columbus. The History written by Ferdinand Columbus. Edited

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and Adapted by Robert Meredith and E. Brooks Smith. Ill. by Leonard Everett Fisher. Little. $3.95.

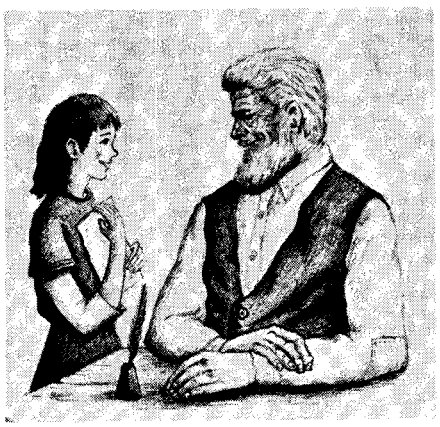
A beautiful and valuable job of bookmaking. 12-18.

Portsmouth: The Life of a Town. By Ola Elizabeth Winslow. Old prints & photos. Macmillan. $3.50.

Early Portsmouth was rich in history. Vignettes of people and events enliven this absorbing documentary by a Pulitzer prize-winner. 12-18.

The Peace Corps: Kindlers of the Spark. By Edna McGuire. Photos. Macmillan. $3.95.

A first-hand account of Peace Corps workers around the world. Information about training and daily life of special interest to young people considering such a career. 12-18.



From "ABC Molly" (Norton)

Riots U.S.A. 1765-1965. By Willard A. Heaps. Seabury. $3.95.

A thoughtful study of 13 major riots their causes and accomplishments A timely book that shows the advantages of orderly protest over mob violence. 13-18.

OTHER LANDS—YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Fountain of the Friendly Lion. By Louis Floethe. Ill. by Richard Floethe. Scribner's. $3.50.

Attractive paintings and a brief, narrative text give an entertaining picture of life in a typical French town through the centuries. 5-9.

The Ashanti of Ghana. By Sonia Bleeker. Ill. by Edith G. Singer. Morrow. $2.95.

An unusually clear, thoughtful and interesting account of Ashanti civilization both past and present. A real contribution to world understanding, for readers 9-13.

Growing Up with the Norman Conquest. By Alfred Duggan. Ill. by C. Walter Hodges. Pantheon. $3.95.

Alfred Duggan had a rare and wonderful gift for making the past immediate and personal. His lucidity, enthusiasm and easy style make this story of daily life in Norman England a must for every home and library. 11-15.

China's Leaders in Ideas and Action. By Cornelia Spencer. Maps. Macrae. $3.75.

The struggles and accomplishments of Chinese leaders, from Confucious to Chou En-Lai, will help young readers understand the forces and problems that have made China what she is today. 11-16.

This is Your Century. By Geoffrey Trease. Photos. Harcourt. $6.95.

The people and events that have shaped our lives in the 20th century. A vividly written history by a well-known British scholar and author. Many photos add to the value. 12-18.

The Fall of the Aztecs. Text by the Conquerors. Illus. by the Conquered. Edited by Shirley Glubok. Illustrations selected and adapted by Leslie Tillett. St. Martin's. $4.95.

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Soldiers and their weapons through the years; two excellent, detailed books on military history. Many drawings. 12-18.

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Pharaohs of Egypt. By Jacquetta Hawkes & the editors of Horizon Magazine. Painting & Photos. Amer. Heritage. $4.95.

The Pharaohs and their people; a handsome documentary of Egyptian history and culture. 12-up & adult.

NATURE

How to Be a Nature Detective. By Millicent Selsam. Ill. by Ezra Jack Keats. Harper. $2.95.

A clever introduction to animal tracks. Science made fun. 6-9.

Red Legs. By Alice E. Goudey. Ill. by Marie Nonnast. Scribner's. $2.95.

With her usual wise simplicity, Alice Goudey makes the growth and hazards of a red-legged grasshopper fascinating reading. A well-designed book with two-color drawings. 6-9.

Flash, the Life Story of a Firefly. By Louise D. Harris & Norman D. Harris. Ill. by Henry B. Kane. Little. $2.95.

Children are intrigued by fireflies and this will help them understand them. Ages 6-10.

The Bug Club Book. By Gladys Conklin. Ill. by Girard Goodenow. Holiday. $2.95.

The book is as good as its title—the librarian author tells young collectors how to organize a bug club. Detailed hints on bug collecting too, for readers 8-12.

The Hole in the Mountain. By Mabel Otis Robinson. Photos. Dodd. $3.50.

A cowboy's discovery of the fabulous Carlsbad Caverns and his long fight to make them appreciated. This dramatic description of the caverns plus the wonderful photos of the stalactites made me long to see them. 9-13.

The Living Community. By S. Carl Hirsch. Ill. by William Steinel. Viking. $3.75.

Nature seen whole—the association of all living and nonliving things in a community, and how one affects the other. A well done survey of the increasingly vital science of ecology. 12-18.

How Animals Communicate. By Bill Gilbert. Ill. by Chet Reneson. Pantheon. $3.95.

The riddle of animal language and how man is beginning to decipher it. Mr. Gilbert writes with such enthusiasm that you don't want to put the book down. 12-18.

Spring Comes to the Ocean. By Jean Craighead George. Ill. by John Wilson. Crowell. $3.50.

In the knowing, poetic tradition of Rachel Carson, Mrs. George tells what spring means to life in the sea. A fascinating book. 10-up & adult.

Hurry Spring. By Sterling North. Ill. by Carl Burger. Dutton. $3.75.

Nostalgic reminiscences about spring and a naturalist's careful observations of wildlife make a literary spring tonic for teenagers and adults. The soft drawings capture the mood and beauty.

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Science Teasers. By Rose Wyler and Eva-Lee Baird. Ill. by Jerry Robinson. Harper. $2.95.

A superior science book that will fascinate anyone. Weight, balance, space—all sorts of subjects are covered in this clear witty volume. 9-14.

Deep-Sea World: The Story of Oceanography. By Charles Coombs. Photos. Morrow. $4.95.

Oceans: their history, their importance to man, and how man is exploring them today. An exciting account of men living underwater in the new submersibles. 10-15.

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Survival on the Moon. By Lawrence Maisak. Photos & diagrams. Macmillan. $3.95.

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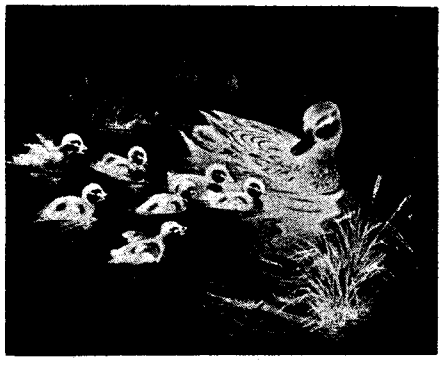

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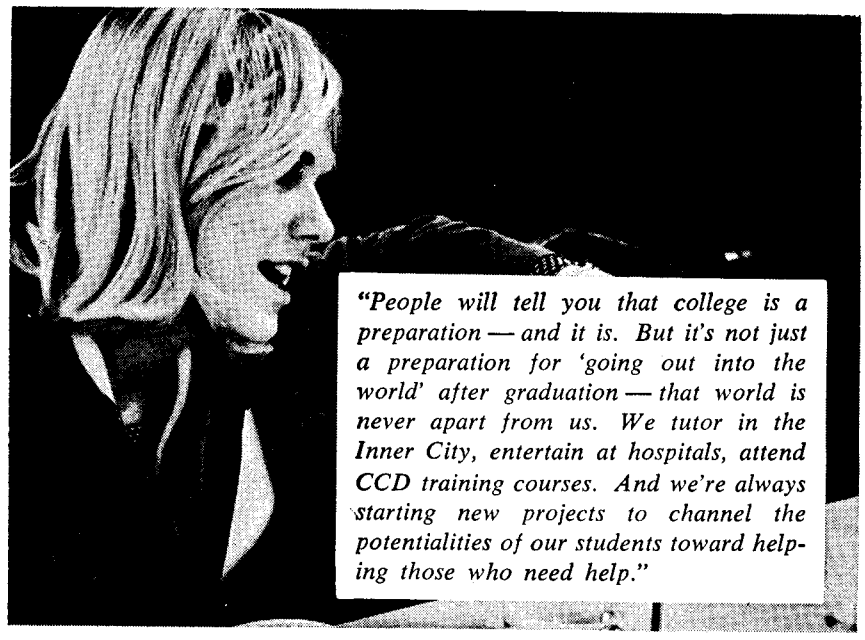
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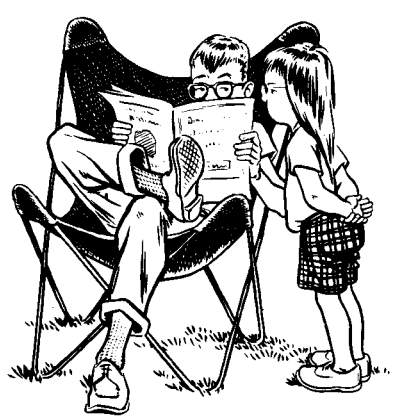

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CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 269*)

racy is as reactionary as Mr. Wilde paints it to be. My own experience in Latin America has convinced me of this. But I do question whether the oligarchy is the only reactionary force. There exist large sectors of the middle class that more or less ape the values (or lack of them) of the upper class, and who are quite hostile to meaningful social reform.

Mr. Wilde's slicing of Colombian society into two groups, the oligarchy and everybody else, follows a tradition that is now almost classic among writers in both North and South America. It is time someone debunked this oversimplification. The article in question serves as another proof that we are in desperate need of a really comprehensive understanding of class structure in Latin America.

My point would be purely academic were it not for the fact that many Catholics are now creating a mystique of work with the middle class on the grounds that the middle class is by definition open to change. The lower income groups within the middle class are indeed restive, but its upper echelons have never impressed me with their radicalism.

This said, I do not want to give the impression that I am at odds with Mr. Wilde's report of the Torres tragedy. His account is by far the best brief summary I have seen.

FRANCIS P. CHAMBERLAIN, S.J.

The Grape Strike

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: Your readers are certainly aware of the important breakthroughs that recently have been made in the Delano, California, grape-pickers' strike. Their 300-mile, 25-day pilgrimage from Delano to Sacramento ended on Easter Sunday in a tremendous outpouring of 10,000 concerned persons, including countless priests, nuns and seminarians. The last dozen miles of this wearying march were made much easier and more joyful by the announcement that Schenley Industries, the second-largest grower in the Delano area, had offered to recognize the National Farm Workers Association and to sit down with them as equals for the purpose of collective bargaining. A few days after Easter this breakthrough was reinforced. Both the Mont La Salle Vineyards Corporation, owned and operated by the Christian Brothers, and the Los Gatos Novitiate Winery of the California Province of the Jesuits announced that they too were recognizing the NFWA, and were prepared to negotiate and sign a contract with them.

Important though these developments certainly are, it would be a mistake to assume that they signal the end of the farm-workers' struggle. Actually, even in Delano itself we are witnessing only a beginning. One can securely forecast that unless necessary national legislation is soon passed, the next few years will see dozens and perhaps hundreds of other Delano's in California and in other parts of the nation. Moreover, it is highly unlikely that these other Delano's will

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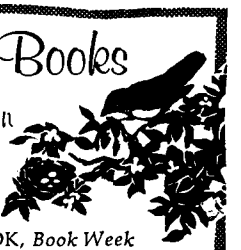

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be conducted as peaceably and with such sound Christian motivation. In fact, some of these struggles will almost certainly lead to violence and bloodshed.

The only thing which has any chance of preventing such eruptions and the only way in which farm workers can achieve for themselves an adequate and honorable living would be the passage of legislation to protect the workers' right to organize and to enforce the corresponding duty of the employers to recognize and bargain collectively with them. As of now, farm workers are excluded from such protection of the law. In this session of Congress, however, legislation will soon be considered to bring farm workers under the National Labor Relations Act and thus provide them both with the necessary legal protection and with the well-established mechanisms for collective bargaining.

In a Pastoral Letter from the Catholic Bishops of California published in the *Central California Register* on April 14, 1966, and signed personally by Most Rev. Aloysius J. Willinger, C.Ss.R., D.D., Bishop of Monterey-Fresno, the convictions of the most immediately involved spokesmen for the Church were stated most emphatically: ". . . it is quite clear that the Federal Government must take steps to bring agricultural labor into line with the dignity achieved by industrial labor. . . . First and most important is the inclusion of agriculture in the provisions of the National Labor Relations Act. . . ."

Would it be asking too much to suggest that those who have been stirred by the valiant struggle of the Delano grape pickers would now let their Congressmen and Senators know by letter, telegram or personal visit that they insist that this legislation be passed?

(REV.) JAMES L. VIZZARD, S.J.

Topical Reading

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Church Music

New Richmond, Wisconsin

To the Editors: Professor Ralph Thibodeau's lamentation on the hard lot of Church musicians and the "fiascos" taking place during this transition period in liturgical music ("Fiasco in Church Music," April 8) could set a stage for a whole grand opera of misunderstanding and confusion. Whether he intends it or not, some of his generalizations will inevitably be taken up by the art-culture-music people as a weapon *against* active sung participation in the Sacred Liturgy.

There are some key words and phrases which expose Mr. Thibodeau's real thinking—despite his protestations of having a very liberal attitude. A few of the semantically loaded keys on his acceptable list are: "professional musicians," "art music," "the professional," "choral Mass." Loaded in the other direction, the principal examples are "expert" and "liturgist."

The professor, you see, is bringing back again that favorite old boogieman, that much abused *bête noire*: "the liturgist." Among his multiple crimes, the most odious is the fact that the liturgists —rather than the professional musicians —have been giving advice to the bishops! In fact, Mr. Thibodeau suggests that a sad state of affairs now exists because

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the bishops don't know enough about artistic matters and have been singularly ill-advised by the liturgical experts. My response to this tasteless exaggeration is to lead a loud chorus of praise to the bishops for having such good sense as establish a deep pastoral concern as their primary emphasis.

Professional musicians have an unhappy way (and I submit that some of my best friends are liturgists *and* musicians) of taking parts of the *Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy* to emphasize half-statements to the exclusion of the great, whole view of God, man and the Church which came forth from the Council. They are all too often content to see, for example, Chapter VI in a kind of splendid isolation from the clearly pastoral directives made so abundantly clear elsewhere.

If the musicians would only accept their real challenge—instead of going around banging and whimpering—then they would see that *never* has there been a better era for them, never a time when they could really be making great and useful, beautiful and sacred contributions to the Church. . . .

The beginning of the professor's article suggests that his remarks might "give aid and comfort to the enemies on the far right." I am afraid his article did just that because his emphasis was primarily negative and he failed to present the real role, the great and vital challenge to the men of music.

ROBERT B. HEYWOOD

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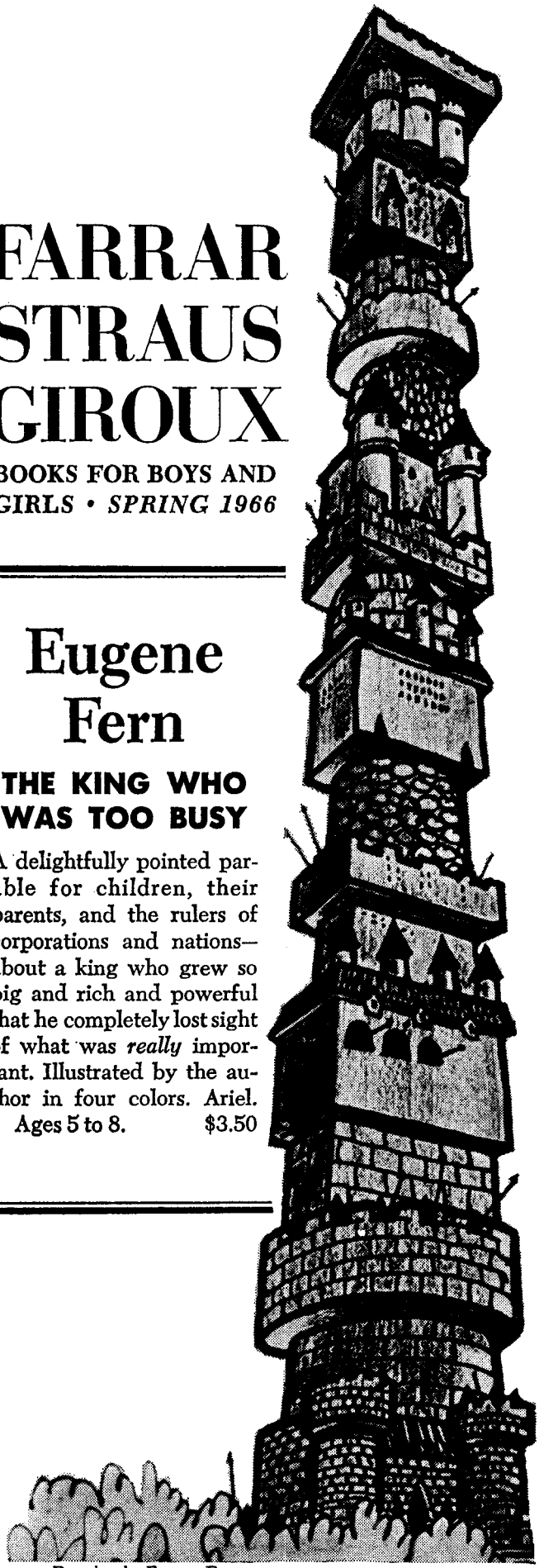

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